

SAINT PAULS.

80453

A Monthly Magazine.

EDITED BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER 1867 TO MARCH 1868.

LONDON:
VIRTUE AND CO., CITY ROAD AND IVY LANE.
1868.



"One kiss before we part."

Thomas Finn. Chap. ii. Page 118.

SAINT PAULS.

OCTOBER, 1867.

INTRODUCTION.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

It may perhaps be allowed to the Editor of a new magazine to address himself personally to his wished-for readers from the rostrum of his first page, and to say a few words on his own behalf and on that of his fellow-labourers, in justification of the enterprise which he and they are commencing.

He begs to assure such of the public as will kindly interest themselves in the matter, that the SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE is not established, on and from this present 1st of October, 1867, on any rooted and matured conviction that such a periodical is the great and pressing want of the age. He believes that the spirited proprietors of the work are actuated by a belief that the undertaking may be made to be successful and commercially profitable to themselves by a liberal expenditure of capital, and by zeal and care on their part. He thinks that the writers who are joined with himself in the work have undertaken their tasks with a double feeling,—that the labourer is worthy of his hire,—and that he will be found worthy, also, of praise if his work be well done. He is aware, also, that he will have some with him whose object it will be to find a vehicle for the expression of the ideas with which they are laden. For himself, he can say, that in becoming the Editor of a new magazine it is his object to work in his profession as a man of letters, successfully,—with credit to himself, if it may be possible,—and with some advantage, if that also may be possible, to those increasing thousands of readers whom the progress of education is producing. The SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE is not started because another special publication is needed to satisfy the requirements of the reading world, but because the requirements of the reading world demand that there shall be many such publications to satisfy its needs.

It would be pleasant here to fill a few pages with a history of the growth of periodical literature in England, were it not that it is now the writer's duty to confine himself to the announcement of this new

undertaking, rather than to speak of those which are old and still living, or those which have passed away. It may, however, be well to point to the fact that the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, which were commenced, the one by Steele in 1709, and the other by Addison in 1711, were the earliest of a long series of publications, among which may be named the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Rambler*, the *Monthly*, the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, and then the magazines which we know to-day, *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's*, and more recently the *Cornhill* and *Macmillan's*, with the vast crowd of existing competitors; till now in this year at which we have arrived, it is hardly too much to say that,—exclusive of the political and critical newspapers,—the monthly periodicals afford to the reading public the greatest part of the modern literature which it demands. The nature, of course, of these publications has been very various. There was, first, the short humorous essay which came out, alone, on a small sheet of paper; then the dry critical review, joined with occasional news of the day; then the great literary work of our august quarterlies, with which was soon joined the sharp political attack of the eager partisan;—after that the mixed pages of the monthly magazine, in which essays on all possible subjects found a place. After a while there came the serial novel, taking a place of honour among those essays,—taking, perhaps, the place of highest honour in the pages of the magazine;—and so has been formed that class of literature with which the public is now so intimately conversant, and of which the first number of a new series is to-day presented to it.

It is all but fruitless now to inquire whether such literary food as is conveyed to the world in these publications is as strengthening, as serviceable, and as wholesome as would be a diet of a stronger kind. They who look with regret at what is going on in the world of letters, and who express their dismay at the universal craving of the day for light literature, and especially for literature that shall be short, are perhaps a little apt to forget that the reading of magazines, extensive as it has become, has been added to, rather than has superseded the study of graver works. It is because reading has become the leisure relaxation of so many among us that the demand for such works as these has increased with such rapidity,—not because they among us who hitherto were studious have ceased now-a-days to love their studies. But this at any rate is certain,—that whether the reading of magazines and reviews be or be not as salutary as would be a closer attention to literature of a graver kind, the public will have what it demands, and it is the duty of those who provide for that demand to see that the article produced is as good of its kind as it can be made.

Those who are disposed to speak ill of the magazines of the day are apt to say that they are made up of novels and padding;—that they are bought chiefly for the sake of the novels which they contain, and that the other articles are written with the mere purpose of filling

up a certain number of pages, and are thrown in as a make-weight. They who hold this opinion can hardly have looked very closely at the work which the editors and writers of our magazines have produced to the world, either formerly, or even since the days in which a shilling was taken to be the fair pecuniary representative of a month's literature. We have hardly now living among us one or two whose names are great in literature,—we hardly have had living among us three or four for many years,—who have not added something to the periodical literature of the day. The padding of which many among us speak so lightly has been provided for us by such caterers as Sydney Smith, Wilson, Macaulay, Thomas Hood, Whewell, Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Bulwer, Dickens, Froude, Lewes, Stanley, Tyndal, Huxley, Ruskin, Arnold, and a long list of others whose names will soon be not less honourably known than those which have been mentioned. None but they who have observed very clearly what has been going on can be aware how many subjects in art, in social life, in politics, in public conduct, in criticism, in law, in morals, in religion, and in science, have been discussed, ventilated, and turned into public property in the pages of magazines,—which never would have been so discussed, which could not possibly have reached so wide a public, had they who wrote upon them been too proud to descend into the arena of a monthly periodical. A novel will be padding with one reader, dissertations on Geist to a second, and inquiries into the utility and justice of trades' unions to a third. We cannot all assimilate the same food, and we are generally disposed to think but little of the dish which we do not ourselves relish. "Don't have any poetry," says one eager adviser. "You may put in what you like, so that you steer clear of politics," says another who is quite certain of the results of his own experience. "Confine yourself to novels and syllabubs. The world does not want to be taught wisdom by you," is the dictum of a third. "Get your padding cheap," says a fourth, "because no one ever reads it." I will take none of their counsels. If a poet will send us his poetry, it shall certainly be used. We will be political if we are anything. Novels we will have and syllabubs, but will not believe that our guests will be content with no other dishes at the banquet. And we certainly will willingly get no cheap padding, believing that that which we shall produce will be read if that which we produce be worth the reading.

There is certainly no settled conviction in the minds of any of us, proprietors, contributors, or editors, that a SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE is the one great want of the age, and that the creation of such a periodical is the last and greatest effort necessary to make the country glide successfully through the remaining years of the present century. But not the less have we all an intention and settled purpose of our own. Though we are thus modest in repudiating any intention of filling up a manifest gap, we are desirous of assuming an idiosyncrasy, of walk-

ing in a certain defined path, and of earning a character for special merits. Among our brethren who are still in their early infancy,—though of course they are all older than ourselves,—some have declared their purpose of tripping along ever upon the light fantastic toe, believing it to be their mission to amuse rather than to instruct; while others have marched forward,—one other at any rate has done so,—with the steady gait of self-conscious information, professing to be instructive and daring to be grave. Here we shall endeavour to unite the two, thinking that an Editor cannot do better than assume the motto which the present Editor has ventured to place at the head of this introductory notice. We hope to conciliate the graver sisters, but shall not attempt to do so by turning up our noses at any laughter-loving Muse.

It has been already said that the SAINT PAULS, if it be anything, will be political. There has of late apparently come up an idea that as politics are by consent banished from certain meetings,—committee-rooms, dinner-parties, and other gatherings of men which are assembled for purposes especially non-political,—therefore should the subject also be banished from the pages of all periodical literature which is not produced with the express and primary object of disseminating political feelings,—as is the case with newspapers. It has been considered that a point has been gained with the public when the manager of a magazine or review has been able to declare that politics would be eschewed. The Editor here, who is attempting to describe and not to puff the magazine which he hopes to make acceptable to a portion of the public, by no means intends to censure those of his brethren who have been actuated by this idea. He simply states that such is not his idea in reference to this new venture. He and his friends who will work with him intend to be political,—thinking that of all the studies to which men and women can attach themselves, that of politics is the first and the finest,—and remembering also that in former days politics were not avoided by those periodical publications which found most favour in the estimation of the public.

It would be difficult in these days for any Editor to define with accuracy the line of politics which those who work with him intend to take. To declare one's self to be a Reformer at the moment in which household suffrage has been just carried by the Government of Lord Derby, would indeed be to say nothing. Who is there that will say that he is not a Reformer? If there be such a one, he must be some Troglodyte, dwelling in caves, away from the haunts of men. And who is there also that does not feel himself to be a Conservative while the perils hang over us of our untried household suffrage? The old denominations must give place to new before a magazine or even a man can define his politics by a name. Either the one or the other may, indeed, still support a cause, and belong to a party in supporting it. Unless this be done, we do not understand how the study of politics can be made subservient to the welfare of the country. And we who are

engaged in this new enterprise think that the good old Liberal cause still needs support ; and we think also that, in spite of late disruptions, a party will exist in the House of Commons, as well as out of it, to whom that cause is dear and who will bind themselves together for its maintenance. Perhaps after saying so much an Editor need hardly declare that the cause to be supported here will be the free government of the country by that side in the House of Commons which in truth represents the majority of the constituencies. It would seem that such a state of things must necessarily be the result of our Constitution as it stands ; but skill and resolution on the one side, with some awkwardness, and, alas ! also, with some want of faith on the other, have so turned things round of late, that men are disposed to think that skill is better than faith, and that resolution atones for want of principle more effectually than steadfast honesty can atone for awkwardness. This magazine, dear reader, is not established with any high idea that it can set these things right if they be wrong. But as the widow's mite was accepted,—so also may a little word in good season, if it be spoken in the right spirit.

It needs hardly to be declared in these introductory remarks that it is not our purpose to endeavour to entertain our readers without the assistance of novels. As there are many critics of the literature of the day who declare that magazines are almost worthless because they are filled with padding, so are there others who are equally opposed to them, because none of them,—we believe not one,—is now to be found unpolluted by the silly enthusiasm of the romancer. The Editor, however, who would cater successfully for the public, whatever may be his own taste and judgment in such matters, must provide that for his readers which his readers demand and will certainly obtain, whether he provide it, or whether others do so. It may be boldly asserted that no magazine could live at present that refused to regale its friends from month to month with at least one serial tale, and that the magazine which trusts to two such works will fare better than its neighbour which trusts only to one. The preaching of the day is done by the novelist, and the lessons which he teaches are those to which men and women will listen. Such was not the case fifty years ago, when Scott, though still unknown, was in his prime ;—it was not the case thirty years ago, when Bulwer and Disraeli and James and Ward had already become popular as masters of fiction, and when Dickens was commencing his career. Novels were indeed read, but were not a necessity in every household as they are now. Nor can any one say that the novelist will still be the preacher of the day when thirty years more shall have passed over us. The poet may then be in the ascendant,—or more probably the writer of the scientific essay ; or it may be that the bookseller of the day will find a volume of sermons from the pen of some eloquent divine to be the stock that moves itself most quickly on his shelves. Such has been

the case, and may be the case again. In the meantime, the Editor of the magazine of to-day must provide for the readers of the day that class of literary food which they require.

It is not probable that this present Editor should feel himself called upon to quarrel with the public taste in this respect. It has been his humble, but not unpleasant task, as a man of letters, to sing, in prose, long love-ditties for his readers, and he has sung them till the singing of them has become a second nature to him. He has now put together another, which he will warble forth from month to month,—a ditty not indeed composed wholly of love-strains; a slight story, in which he has attempted to describe how love and ambition between them may cause the heart of a man to vacillate and make his conduct unsteady. His hero is not very heroic, and his readers, should he be happy enough to find them, will be lifted into no heaven of admiration or of wrath by the virtues or by the vices of their new acquaintances.

But the Editor of the SAINT PAULS, should he fail with this slight and oft-touched string of his own, has another cord to his bow with which he thinks that he will not fail. He has called a lady to his aid; and finding what his friend has done for him, he thinks that he may with confidence invite those who may take up the first number of this new magazine to read on and learn how in the small French town of D—— “All,”—among young and old,—was done “For Greed,”—how all was done for greed, and naught was done for love. If there be those who wish to learn how our neighbours live,—not in their bright capital which most of us know, not in that neighbouring province of Normandy which has lately been brought so pleasantly close to us by another lady novelist,—but down, far away from Paris, in a little town and its neighbouring communes; how life goes on among their poor gentry and rising men of local importance, the Editor will confidently invite those who are thus curious to read the story which he now offers to them.

If a poet will send us his poetry, it shall certainly be used. Perhaps the most difficult task which falls on the shoulders of the manager of a magazine is the selection and rejection of poetry. Very much is written, which is good,—so good that it cannot be put aside with an assured conviction that the writer has altogether lost his way in straying into rhymes and measures,—but which yet is not good enough to attract attention and to make a reader feel that here, in these very lines, is something with which it is worth his while to load his memory. As of all classes of literature poetry is the highest, and therefore the most enticing, so is it, as a matter of course, the most difficult. And it has in its composition this special danger and difficulty, that the young poet becomes enamoured of the sound and melody of his own lines, and cannot judge of them with that severity against himself which is within the compass of the writer of prose. He dwells on the lineaments of his soft-flowing verse till he loves

them as the mother loves the face of her baby. But the baby, though not amiss as a baby, may have no claim to be shown as a paragon; and the poet, though he may have succeeded in putting good thought into faultless verse, may have missed, and, alas! so often does miss, that power of expression which will enable others to enjoy his music with him. If the young would-be poet would look down upon that Golgotha into which are thrown the unpublished attempts of poetical aspirants, he would surely lose his courage and hang up his harp! The thing is to be done. Success is to be won. But as the honour is great,—so is the difficulty in winning it great also! The Editor will here only say that if any poet who has already won his spurs will come, he shall be received as such a knight deserves; and that when aspirants come for knightly fame,—as come they will,—they shall twang their strings and tune their pipes and try their unfledged flights to attentive ears.

One other statement in regard to the matter proposed to be introduced into the pages of this magazine the Editor will make. It is not intended that this magazine shall be a vehicle for literary criticism. It is probable that now and again some special work may be made the basis on which a contributor may found the matter of his own contribution,—after the fashion of some of the greatest of our modern English essayists; but in doing so the object will be to discuss the subject rather than the book. The work of literary criticism is in itself so great, so difficult, of importance so paramount, that it would seem to require,—if it is to be worth anything,—the undivided attention not only of an editor but of all his staff. It is easy enough to select a book here because it may be quickly read, and there because it is an easy mark for ridicule or for friendly praise; but such work can do no good to literature, and can hardly benefit either the writer of it or the reader. It may serve, or it may injure, the bookseller, and through the bookseller the author of the book criticised;—but to do either such service or such injury will not be within the scope of the present undertaking.

Of other subjects fitting for the pages of a magazine, who can give a list, or set a term to them? What matter may not be discussed with profit and delight if the mind of the writer be full and his hand be light? No human body, no human mind, can indeed be sustained by padding. But let us change only one letter, and we have a useful, farinaceous, savoury, and solid food before us, of which men and women with good digestions and strong appetites most frequently delight to partake. It shall be our effort here to see that our literary pudding be not often reduced to the quality of literary padding, either by badness of the material or by fault in the cooking.

The Editor now bows thrice to his audience, and retires behind his curtain, not purposing to intrude himself again in his own person before the public.

"THE LEAP IN THE DARK."

By a strange inversion of the usual order of things, the probable effects of the Reform Bill of 1867 upon the relation of political parties and the future legislation of the country, were scarcely discussed till the Bill was on the point of passing into a law of the realm. The very statesmen who were its authors reserved their manifesto till the end, and did not publish their own estimate of the ultimate results of the measure which they proposed, until they were able to count with confidence on its acceptance by Parliament and the country. Nor did this reticence on their part operate at all to their disadvantage. Compelled as they were to rely on Radical as well as Conservative support, they naturally concluded that the more reasons they put forward, the more likely they were to incur the risk of alienating a certain number of votes; while, on the other hand, they appear to have been justified in assuming that Parliament was, above all things, determined that some Reform Bill must be passed, and that they would accordingly be held responsible rather for success or failure in carrying a bill of some kind, than for the results of the measure upon the country, when carried. "Wanted—a Reform Bill," was to be the motto for the session and for the leaders of parties. Any elaborate examination into the probable results of the only bill considered possible would have been out of place at a time when the contingency of a breakdown in carrying some Reform Bill during the session was considered a heavier risk than any mistaken estimate of the magnitude and scope of the Bill itself. But notwithstanding the anxiety shown on all sides, that under no circumstances should be lost the favourable chance of settling the question, we may be permitted to doubt whether, if Lord Derby had assured his own friends and followers in the beginning of the session instead of at its close, that the measure which was to cost them such heavy sacrifices was to him, its responsible, if not its actual author, a "leap in the dark," he would have found it equally easy to command their loyal acquiescence. On the other hand, it would manifestly have been equally inexpedient for Mr. Disraeli to have revealed prematurely his latest political discovery,—first announced by him in Merchant Taylors' Hall,—of the Conservative stratum which he believes is to be found in the parliamentary boroughs, if you only dig down low enough; or if, before victory was secured, he had unfolded his theories of the termination of liberal monopoly, and the probability of Tory ascendancy, which he frankly laid before the guests of the Lord Mayor at the banquet given at the close of the session to

her Majesty's Ministers in the Egyptian Hall. It was impossible to parade the Tory character of the Bill when it was being offered to the Liberals as worthy of their acceptance, and as more thoroughgoing than any previous bill proposed by their own leaders. In the House of Commons the primary motive for introducing and carrying the measure was avowed to be political necessity. The Ministers declared their readiness to leave the matter in the hands of the House, and to substitute parliamentary impatience for ministerial responsibility as the motive power for carrying the Bill.

No problem, we should think, is likely to prove more puzzling to future historians than how to arrive at a just estimate of the nature and extent of that outward pressure which induced the Conservative leaders to introduce household rating suffrage into our representative system. Opinions apparently the very opposite were expressed by the same set of men. On the one hand, it was declared that the bulk of the country was at least as indifferent to parliamentary reform as the House of Commons itself. On the other hand, it was stated as an indisputable fact that the settlement of the question was an absolute political necessity. It is true that the interval of a few months and the change of government materially modified the relative degree of certainty with which these two opinions were affirmed. The indifference of the country has been less strenuously maintained this year. The necessity for reform was scarcely admitted in 1866. Last year the assertion of an opinion that Lord Palmerston, if he had lived, would have deferred parliamentary reform for ten years, was received with a certain amount of cheering in the House of Commons. This year there was not a score of members who ventured to deny not only the expediency of an ultimate settlement, but the urgent necessity for an immediate measure. Indeed, the fact that such a necessity was universally recognised, was openly avowed by the Conservative leaders as the justification of the course which they took. Was it true, then, that the country had been converted? Was it true, in any sense, that the indifference of the bulk of the public had yielded to reforming zeal, and that the governing classes finally sympathised with that small knot of politicians who really desired reform for the sake of the political and legislative advantages which they believed an amendment of our representative system would bring about? We must candidly admit that we doubt whether such a conversion has as yet taken place. We admit the existence of a vast amount of apathy; but it is, nevertheless, true that the Reform Bill was forced upon the Government. Those who appealed to the verdicts of present constituencies in support of the allegation that "the country" was indifferent to reform, failed to distinguish between the enfranchised country and the unenfranchised country. It was not unnatural that the enfranchised classes should be indifferent to changes which lessened their power,

but it was no answer to the advocates of the unenfranchised class to tell them that the country, as represented by existing electors, showed no intense desire for such a change. Apathy, and even reluctance, on the part of those in whom the government of the country has been vested up till now, formed no argument against the necessity or the expediency of the changes demanded by those who wished the elective body to be increased, either simply for the sake of those without the pale of the constitution or for the sake of the general public weal.

With regard to the degree of general interest felt in the subject by the working classes themselves, we doubt whether it will ever be possible to settle the controversy to the satisfaction of both sides. That the artisans in the great centres of population, especially in the West Riding and in Lancashire, have decided political interests, and claimed the suffrage with sincerity and energy, will, we suppose, be generally conceded. But as to the remainder of the country, views have been expressed so widely divergent, that it is difficult for any one to speak with absolute certainty; and if we were to declare it as our opinion that the working classes, in their broadest sense, showed, throughout the country, a fierce determination to secure electoral rights, we should be prepared to find our views stoutly contested. However, the great towns were clearly in earnest, and they may well claim to have been successful in carrying the conviction home to the minds both of sincere Conservatives and of the larger class of careless Gallios, that it was time to settle the question on which they had set their hearts. But by what means did they succeed; and succeed within so short a time? By argument? They have not even yet succeeded in convincing Lord Derby himself that the enlargement of the electoral laws is likely to lead to improved legislation. By threats of physical force? Their numerical demonstrations have throughout been depreciated by public opinion. By the inherent justice of their claims? Their claims were no less just last year than they are now. We believe the simple fact to be that they succeeded by their importunity. The reform question blocked the path of legislation. It delayed commercial and sanitary improvements, and it absorbed too much time. It diverted parliamentary attention from the Bankruptcy Bill, from railway legislation, from municipal reform, from the regulation of the import of foreign cattle, from a hundred measures coming home to the practical good sense of the English people. Parliament could not set to work while this incubus was upon it. It must be removed at any cost. Add to this common-sense view of the outer public, the special difficulties which the reform question brought to politicians of every hue, and the desire on all sides to extricate Parliament from the dead-lock to which, at least in respect of government by party, it had been brought by this most troublesome of all political questions, and we discover the forces which carried the Reform Bill of 1867.

There is something very remarkable in this indifference to future political consequences and this universal desire for political quiet at any cost, which have converted the ardent opponents or cold detractors of Reform into friends and advocates. It is important, we think, to look the fact full in the face. It has been patent enough. Public opinion, in the sense in which the word is so often used, the conversation of men whom one meets in the streets every day, the general current of thought in extra-political circles which exercises so large an amount of invisible and intangible influence on the course of events, public opinion in this sense of the word has occupied itself very moderately with the great issues which were being played out at St. Stephen's. To the public at large the game seemed interminably long and dull. The waste of time seemed almost criminal. What does it matter whether half a million of compound householders are enfranchised or not? How can sensible men quibble about such trifles when half the country is clamouring for railway reform, and are wearied of that dreary business of tinkering at our Constitution? Mr. Beales and the League created a little uneasiness because a gathering in Hyde Park was a visible and disagreeable fact; but the compound householder was an imaginary creature, and we doubt whether a single person slept one wink less for a single night because one evening in May, during the dinner-hour of the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli blandly admitted as many of these imaginary personages to political power as there are at present borough electors in England and Wales. A change was being made in Parliament by which such a transfer of power was accomplished, as, we believe, was never made in any country, except under pressure of a revolution. But the transfer itself caused infinitely less commotion among the general public, whose fate and fortunes are henceforth to be entrusted to a new class, than would have been caused by any circumstances tending to delay the settlement, and to embarrass the progress of the Bill.

The whole question of rating, for instance, by which the Conservative party set such store,—and which was considered to be one of the main bulwarks of the new Constitution before Mr. Disraeli had announced his discovery that the lowest depths of society were conspicuously Conservative, and would therefore be the best possible bulwark themselves,—was, if we are not mistaken, viewed with profound indifference by the outer public. It was one of the dull minutiae of the Bill, which "no fellow could understand." As to the House of Commons itself, it appears that, of all parts of the Bill, it devoted most attention to those connected with the expenses attending elections. The "lodger" was admitted to political power with infinitely less discussion than was devoted to the question of the conveyance of voters to the poll, and more hours were spent in disqualifying election agents as voters than in determining the figure to which the occupying

franchise in counties should be reduced. The discussion of the larger principles was out of place in an assembly which had resolved to pass a bill, and to accept every proposal on which the Ministry might choose to stake its existence. The Government and the House appeared both to have made up their minds that three things, at all events, should not be permitted to occur. No change of Government should take place; a dissolution was to be out of the question; and the Bill was in no case to be lost. The debates were accordingly reduced to a game of "brag." Whoever could brag best was sure to win, and the one statesman who played in silence, and suffered no one to look into his cards, was easily able to outmanœuvre the House, which was obliged to consult aloud, and could not conceal its hand. If the public had been deeply interested, not only in the settlement of Reform, but in the nature of the settlement; if every stage in the process of a vast transfer of power had been watched with intense anxiety; if the belief had been entertained that the future fortunes of England, its power, its character, its prosperity, were at stake; if it had been felt that many of those great questions on which the social fabric rests, which, far from interesting only the philosopher or the visionary, are of the greatest practical interest to all of us,—questions such as the relations of labour to capital, and the extent of Government interference with individual liberty,—if it had been believed that questions such as these might be re-opened under the new régime; that battles, long ago fought and won, might have to be fought over again under new conditions;—we should have heard less of the cry for an immediate settlement at any cost and of the duty of compromise, and more of the paramount urgency of weighing, with the utmost deliberation, every step to be taken in an irrevocable course. But the belief did not exist, and does not exist. "Thank God! that troublesome question is settled," was the dominant ejaculation, when a weary Parliament and a bored public exchanged congratulations on the Bill being brought safely into port.

Can this feeling of relief and satisfaction spring from any source but one? Is it not clear that it bears witness to the existence of a conviction, on the part of the classes who have hitherto governed England, and have taken care, to say the least, not to govern in a manner hostile to their own interests, that parliamentary reform, far from being a matter of life and death, is not likely to be followed by any great changes of policy of a nature to affect their interests, their comforts, or even their practical supremacy?

The belief must be general, either that a parliament elected by the new constituency will be very like all previous parliaments, or that even if the new parliament should be different, the position of the country will remain in essential respects unchanged. The apathy shown by the public at large to the creation of a million electors belonging to the poorer classes, an enfranchisement which causes existing electors to be

entirely outnumbered at the poll, is the greatest compliment which could be paid by the upper classes to their poorer fellow-countrymen. It exhibits their faith in the deep-rooted stability of our institutions, and their belief that all Englishmen are very much alike. The practical side of English politics has never been shown in more striking colours. Logically, theoretically, *a priori*, the Reform Bill is nothing less than a revolution. Practically and actually, the vast majority of Englishmen have shown that they believe it to be a slight modification of our representative system which it was politic to make, in order to satisfy somewhat importunate demands, but which was scarcely worth all the fuss that a set of professional politicians chose to make about the matter.

Possibly the issues at stake in the Reform Bill would have appeared larger to the general public, if great questions, vitally affecting the foundations of our national prosperity or disturbing the general current of national prejudices, had been occupying Parliament during late years. But it has not been so. For many years,—we might almost say since the passing of the corn laws, or, at all events, since the completion of the free-trade work,—no great issues have been before the House. The course of legislation has been smooth. Many legislative improvements have been made or attempted. Many bills have been passed which have interested the public and been conducive to the national welfare. But we have witnessed a long cessation from those great internal controversies which excite the country and bring home to the public the conviction that on Parliament depends its weal or woe. Parliament has of late been regarded as a useful and convenient machine for remedying irritating grievances, removing nuisances, and, during the last year or two, as a body to whom the public might fairly look for some constructive legislation, and here and there for control and supervision in matters till quite lately regarded as beyond the scope of Government interference. The tendency towards a demand for more central and drastic action by Parliament has been very marked of late. But what it concerns us here to bear in mind is this, that for years past far more sins of omission have been laid at the door of Parliament than sins of commission. It has been more frequently accused of insufficient and sometimes irregular work than of attempting too much. The English public knows absolutely nothing of the tyranny of a legislative assembly; and though some classes have, in the public interest, been occasionally interfered with more than they liked, such grievances have seldom been serious or general. "Compulsory" legislation has thus far been confined within the narrowest limits, and there are few enactments in our Statute Book which, like the Factory Acts, distinctly set limits to the free action of individuals. The reluctance of Parliament to pass compulsory measures, though at this moment decidedly on the wane, has hitherto been extreme, and explains, if we are not mistaken, in a great degree the manner in which the House of Commons

is regarded by the immense body of the non-political public. They do not realise what it is to be afraid of parliamentary action. If the question were put to them, they would admit the enormous powers for good or for evil in the hands of those who make the laws; but they do not put the question to themselves, and above all do not realise the fact that their prosperity, their comfort, their liberty of action, their means of livelihood, ay, even their family relations, are in the hands of that body which, by our constitution, wields supreme power in every department of life. "The omnipotence of Parliament" is to most of us simply a phrase. By long habit we have acquired the conviction that that omnipotence will only be exercised within very contracted limits.

It has been said, even by men who, like Mr. Lowe, have probed such questions to the bottom, and have not failed to consider the full effects of any changes in the constitution of Parliament, that the main function of the House of Commons is to raise a revenue and spend it, to levy taxes and to fix the Budget. There was a time, when the discussion of principles was not considered to be entirely out of place in reform debates, in which a vicious argument was founded on this supposed chief function of Parliament. If the main business of Parliament, it was contended, is to fix the amount of national expenditure, and to regulate the distribution of national burdens, surely the first thing to which we have to look is to make sure that political power shall stand in some relation to tax-paying. The old theory that representation must accompany taxation was expanded to mean that the scale of representation ought to be determined by the scale of taxation, and that those who paid little ought not to be allowed to outnumber in the polling book those who paid much. If taxation were indeed the chief function of the House of Commons, there would have been some weight in the argument, though even then it would require to be modified in a hundred ways. But it cannot be admitted that even the vast importance of financial questions outweighs other functions and powers of the legislature. The House of Commons has hitherto chiefly made its power tangibly felt by its financial work. In this respect its proceedings have certainly been watched with universal interest, though it has not been held so strictly responsible for lavish expenditure as might be natural in this practical country. And moreover the extraordinary buoyancy of the revenue, and the increasing capacity of the country to bear the heavy burdens which have been imposed upon it, have, even in this respect, somewhat blunted the sensitiveness of the public as to the doings of Parliament. Any changes in the incidence of taxation do excite attention and interest, but for some years the question has been what taxes should be taken off, rather than what should be imposed.

Thus, even in those financial questions which more than any others

bring home to us the powers of Parliament, circumstances have conspired to diminish the general sense of the vital importance to be attached to every trait in the character of the tax-imposing assembly. But we are concerned to remind our readers that the view is incorrect which assumes financial matters to be the most engrossing or important of all parliamentary questions. Indeed, this appears to us to be one of the fallacies which, like the apathy at present so generally shown in many circles on political subjects, has sprung from the modest proportion of the work to which Parliament has of late years, with much approval on the part of political economists, and some approval on the part of the public, thought fit to limit its endeavours. The doctrine of "*laissez-faire*" had become incorporated with our principles and adopted in our practice, and a Parliament which could be relied on to carry this doctrine to an extreme, excited little apprehension on the part of those who, contented with the lot of the classes to which they belonged, were perfectly ready and anxious to leave what they call "*well*" alone, and were more ready to forgive the comparative sluggishness of the intermittent efforts made by legislators in carrying out minor improvements, than to countenance any demands inviting Parliament to undertake a larger or more organic work. In short, financial prosperity relieving the country for a course of years from the imposition of new burdens; the absence of exciting political questions; the strict adherence of Parliament, whenever it was feasible, to the doctrine of "*laissez-faire*," securing as far as possible that immunity from State interference which is so agreeable to those who are in a condition to be satisfied with things as they are; the modest character of recent legislation, and the little ambition shown by all parties to increase its dimensions,—all have tended to produce in the minds of a large portion of the public that listlessness as to politics proper, and that indifferentism as regards organic changes in our Constitution, which have enabled Lord Derby to take his leap in the dark amidst the impatient cries of the bystanders that he should leap at once, and be sure to jump to the bottom, lest the business-like and quiet course of legislation should be disturbed too long or too often by the performance of such acrobatic pranks.

We have assumed the Reform Bill to have been carried, apart from mere political influences, by the just importunity of a certain portion of the community acting upon the desire for a settlement and by the listlessness of the remainder; a desire for a settlement rendered possible by the half-unconscious feeling that Englishmen, take them where you will, are very much alike, and listlessness produced by the immunity so long enjoyed from any chafing caused by parliamentary interference.

We have dwelt particularly on this latter point on account of the great importance of its bearing upon the future. Who will prove to have been right in their estimate of the results of the Bill which all

desired to pass? Sincere reformers, who believe that a reformed Parliament will be stronger than former Parliaments, more useful, more courageous, more able to apprehend and appreciate the great problems of the day, and more inclined to grapple with them, when apprehended; or the "careless Gallio" school, which cares for none of these things, and neither desires nor expects change, which treats Reform as "much ado about nothing," and anticipates neither dangers nor advantages from what has been done; or the new school of Conservative democracy, which believes in a Conservative residuum, and looks to the maintenance of the Constitution from the union of the top with the bottom against the middle?

This latter doctrine has hitherto been developed only in shadowy outlines. It is of a somewhat delicate nature, and was, as we have before pointed out, not produced till very lately, nor did it seem adapted for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. We will not be so uncharitable as to believe that the theory is at bottom a very coarse one, and that it means neither more nor less than that wealth and rank will be able to cajole and coerce poverty and ignorance, and that householders between ten and six pounds may be presumed to be awkwardly intelligent and independent, while those below the six pound line will be found still to entertain traditional reverence for "their betters," and for the various influences which "their betters" know how to exercise for their inferiors' good. The theory must involve something more. It must mean that the instincts or the ideas of the mass of new electors are presumably Conservative, and that their influence will be thrown into the Conservative scale in the future struggles between parties.

At this moment, however, it is difficult to guess what will be the Conservative programme of the future, for which the support of the new electors is to be invited and obtained. Amongst the many difficult problems which the events of the late session place before us, none are more difficult than how to re-arrange in our minds the relation of political parties, and the questions which are likely to divide them. Some indications have, indeed, been given. Lord Russell, in his letter to the Working Men's Association, declining their invitation to the Crystal Palace banquet, at least put forward a positive programme, naming one or two essential and desirable measures. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli, in his speech at the Mansion House,—to which we have already referred,—put forward a kind of negative programme, to which the public turned in vain for any further light on the subject of the Conservatism of the future. Everything was stated in negatives. "What is the Tory party," he exclaimed, "unless it represents national feeling? If it do not represent national feeling, Toryism is nothing. It does not depend upon hereditary coteries of exclusive nobles; it does not attempt power by attracting to itself the spurious force which may accidentally arise from advocating cosmopolitan prin-

ciples or talking cosmopolitan jargon. The Tory party is nothing unless it represent and uphold the institutions of the country. For what are the institutions of the country? They are entirely, and ought to be entirely, as I am glad to see they are likely to be in practice, the embodiment of the national necessities, and the only security for popular privileges." We search in vain amidst these striking sentences for anything like a distinctive feature of the new Democratic Conservatism. That the "institutions of our country ought to be upheld so long as they are the embodiment of the national necessities," will be admitted by Radicals as well as Conservatives. The phrase is excellently defined. But the controversy will scarcely be removed one stage. It will be asked whether they do embody the national necessities, or not; and as to the character of these national necessities, no word of explanation is vouchsafed. Again, "Toryism is nothing unless it represents the national feeling." In that every one will be agreed. We assent most cordially to the proposition; but it leads as easily to the inference that in fact Toryism is nothing because it does not represent national feeling, as to the contrary, that Toryism is everything because it does so represent it. The only gleam of light which we can obtain from the remarkable series of negative propositions which we have ventured to quote, is, that Toryism spurns the advocacy of cosmopolitan principles, and the use of cosmopolitan jargon. It is not easy to define, even to oneself, what the epigrammatic orator had in his mind when he made use of these words. What wing of the Liberal party, in or out of the House of Commons, was to be satirised by the phrase, or on what Conservative instincts was this disclaimer to act? What spurious force has been gained of late by the Liberals from talking cosmopolitan jargon,—jargon, we must presume, repugnant to the national feeling, yet so generally used that the repudiation of the fatal tendency has become a leading feature in the Conservative creed.

If we glance through the history of the last few years, we shall certainly discover a strong difference between the language used and the principles avowed by Liberals and Conservatives respectively, as regards our foreign and colonial policy. We are not sure that Mr. Disraeli has not in this case lighted upon a clear distinction between the two great divisions of public opinion. The Conservatives of England ardently desired Austrian victories in the Italian war; while the Liberals were so far seduced by "cosmopolitan jargon" as to throw their whole sympathies most heartily on to the side of Italian unity. Was "the residuum" Conservative in this respect? We refer for an answer to the reception given to Garibaldi. In the American war Conservatism and "good society" were on the side of the Southern States. The bulk of the general Liberal party, and every single Radical, were on the side of the North. Enamoured, we suppose, of cosmopolitan principles, the Liberals secured to them-

selves "the spurious force" which accidentally arose by the advocacy of the emancipation of slaves. In the war of last year between Austria and Prussia, Conservative opinion was strongly in favour of Austria, our gallant ally of old times, the chivalric representative of legitimist principles, the most determined foe of cosmopolitan heresies in these revolutionary days. On the other hand, there was much in the policy of Prussia to alienate the sympathies of the Liberal party. Military insolence, political immorality in the highest circles, success attempted and partially achieved by the triumph of the despotic power of an individual minister over the constitutional action of the representatives of the people, had this effect. But the unity of Germany, doubtless like the unity of Italy a cosmopolitan chimera, had attractions for the Liberal party which even the fact of its fate being bound up in the triumph of Bismarck could not put out of sight. The Liberal party saw in the struggle the possibility of a strong and free Germany being finally constituted, and a new civilising power being added to the forces which already exist. The educated character of the Prussian army, the perfection of its scientific appliances, the national spirit which animated the civilian troops who formed so large a portion of its strength, removed much of the natural antipathy which the military element of Prussian policy had not failed to excite; and when in a few months, or rather weeks, it became apparent that in consequence of the Prussian victories the great bulk of German liberal opinion would be able to carry out its emancipation from the feudal influences of the smaller courts, liberal opinion in England ceased to be divided, and declared without hesitation on what we fear Mr. Disraeli would call the cosmopolitan side.

In dealing with subject races, a similar distinction will be found to separate the two political camps. The Conservatives would say that their opponents were always on the side of the blacks against the whites, of the natives against the settlers, of subjects against their governors,—morbidly afraid of the chastising hand of authority, humanitarian, and, we presume, cosmopolitan to the perilous extent of discouraging our soldiers and officers in their energetic support of the cause of imperial authority. The Liberals would retort, that they do not protest against the exercise even of severe authority, provided they can be sure that distinctions of colour in those who suffer punishment do not entail distinctions in the severity or cruelty of the punishments inflicted. And possibly they would admit still further that they must plead guilty to some jealousy of certain military traditions and certain sides of military public opinion, which still prevail in our army when placed among semi-barbarous populations,—a jealousy certainly not shared, but, on the contrary, denounced by Conservative opinion. We could point to many individual cases where the distinct separation of Tory and Radical views with regard to questions affecting our dealings with subject races and our relations to foreign questions, have

come out in strong relief. Mr. Disraeli's sarcastic expressions had evidently a true as well as an exaggerated signification. He chose a term which denotes something unpractical, something contrary to our preconceived ideas, something new in English politics; but, side by side with the offensive exaggeration, we must be prepared to recognise that he shadowed forth a difference of view and of sentiment which is not unlikely to be a marked characteristic of future party conflicts. He supplied a partial answer to the question which, in the present chaos of politics, every one is compelled to ask himself, What will be the distinctive creed of the political parties which will be formed on the ruins of those which Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli have broken up?

The Liberals will, as before, justify the taunts of being, in colonial questions, sensitive as regards the treatment of subject-races, and, in all foreign questions, of being biassed in favour of the struggles of other countries in the direction of unity and liberty, while the Conservatives will continue, as regards our foreign policy, to be dynastic and legitimist. It is not our place either to applaud the one set of views or to stigmatise the other. We merely strive to draw public attention to probable distinctions which negative the supposition, so often put forward of late, that now that the Reform question is settled, it is difficult to see in what respects political parties will be found to differ from each other. And if our estimate, shared if we be right in our interpretation of Mr. Disraeli's phrase by that most eminent Conservative, be correct in this respect, every one can judge for himself, according to his recollection of recent events and his experience of the feelings of our working classes, into which scale their newly-acquired influence is likely to be thrown. Whether that residuum, to which Mr. Disraeli now frankly avows that he looks for the re-establishment of Tory ascendancy,—so avows at the close of a struggle from which party considerations were to be rigorously excluded,—is likely to sympathise with foreign dynasties struggling for existence, or with popular movements towards unity and liberty; whether a Francis-Joseph or a Garibaldi, a Governor Eyre or a William Garrison, is most likely to be the hero of the new arbiters of England's destinies, we leave our readers to decide for themselves.

On one point it is desirable to remove all misunderstanding. We do not think it at all a matter of course,—on the contrary, we think it highly improbable,—that the future Liberal and Conservative parties will be composed of the same men who till now have composed the parties bearing these names. In proportion as the old hereditary subjects of discussion disappear, the hereditary character of party, if we may use the phrase, must also disappear. While the question of civil and religious liberty had still to be fought out, other differences remained in the background. They cropped up continually, but they were not necessarily adopted into the creeds which formed the shib-

booth of parties. But now that we are far on the road to the solution of this class of questions, it will be found, if we are not mistaken, that their solution by no means brings opinions into one groove; that, with new circumstances, new feelings and new national necessities arise; and that the different interpretation of these national necessities and national sentiments form the basis for political parties as distinct as those whose alternations of fortune have hitherto constituted our political history. But, as to individuals, there is no reason to believe that the Liberal party, or indeed the Conservative party, of the future will be composed, even in the bulk, of the same "personnel" as before.

Many sincere champions of Reform, for instance, may be conscientiously compelled to support the views of the future Conservative party as to foreign or colonial policy rather than those of their old friends and allies. On the other hand, some of those who have been indifferent to or opposed to Reform, may find themselves identified with those Liberals henceforth, against whom they have hitherto contended with all their might.

We wish to avoid all considerations of the persons who are to compose the new parties which are likely to replace the old. We conceive that, when the new Reform Bill was passed, a line was drawn under the history of parties as constituted heretofore. Some of the old questions indeed remain. The work of Reform is not completed yet. The distribution of seats, the representation of minorities, the mode of voting, must all be considered as matters still remaining open, almost by common consent. That which was passed because it was represented to be a settlement, is already admitted to be no settlement at all. Impatience overreached itself. The Prime Minister himself shadowed forth the possibility of further schemes for redistribution being favourably considered at the earliest date. The representation of minorities is avowed to be only experimental, and indeed the extraordinary injustice of its present incidence condemns it at once as a most temporary arrangement. At present all that it has effected is to clip the power of the majorities in large towns, whose claim to increased instead of diminished representation had been previously asserted by the votes of the House. The operation performed on the three-cornered counties did not, in Conservative eyes, materially modify the advantage which they expected from the new system in the towns, because, in matters to which they attach supreme importance, they are less likely to encounter bitter hostility from liberal county members, themselves representing the landed interest, than from the representatives of the majorities of great cities, whose class of liberalism is so especially obnoxious to country gentlemen. The omission of almost all allusions to the counties in those debates which resulted in the adoption of the new system, showed the animus of the change. But it was to be experimental; that is to say, it was to be regarded as the beginning of further change, of further work in store for Parliament.

Liberals, on the other hand, who would have opposed that particular application of the minority system as a substantive measure, —unless there were a prospect of an extension of the principle,—avowedly voted in favour of the scheme as introducing the thin end of the wedge, regardless of the present sacrifice, in the hope of carrying by-and-by a system of personal as against local representation. A vast variety of political questions has been opened up by the representation of minorities. It is an invitation to the invention of new constitutions. Theoretical patentees of more perfect forms of representation than the rude but practical system under which we have lived hitherto, now have their work cut out for them, and settlement is farther removed than ever. In the matter of enfranchisement, a leap has been taken bolder than five-sixths of both Houses of Parliament desired, in order to reach the bottom at once; but as regards the adjustment of political power by the distribution of votes, our legislation has started on a new incline, of which no one can foresee the depths.

We have spoken of these questions connected with Reform which still await settlement as belonging to the class of subjects which have divided parties hitherto. But even on these we fail to find the old distinctions maintained, or the same grouping of individual politicians. Lord Russell is found on the side of the representation of minorities, Mr. Gladstone is against it; Mr. Mill votes against Mr. Bright, and Mr. Disraeli has pronounced opinions contrary to the views of the whole of his party in the House of Lords, and of the bulk of his party in the House of Commons.

The treatment of the important, but yet subordinate subject of the mode of voting, which also remains unsettled, is more likely to resemble past debates. Conservatives, as well as Radicals, do not hesitate to express unqualified dissatisfaction with the present system. The Conservatives ask for the protection of voting papers, in favour of timid or fastidious voters who dislike and fear a crowd; and the Radicals ask for the protection of the ballot in favour of dependent voters who are exposed to intimidation and bribery. Mr. Disraeli knows best whether the poorest electors on whom Conservatives are to found their hopes are more likely to be on the side of voting papers or on the side of the ballot.

No lines of demarcation between parties have hitherto been more clearly defined than those drawn by questions connected with the development of religious liberty. In many respects it may be said that the battle of absolute religious toleration has been won. There remain here and there upon our statute-book traces of the old system, but they are being rapidly swept away; and no work appears to have been more relished by the present Parliament than that of removing every invidious distinction or exclusion, on account of religious differences, which might still be found to exist. We do not anticipate

that this work will be less vigorously conducted by a reformed Parliament; and if there be any one set of questions more likely than another to keep the old Liberal party together, much in the form in which it has existed hitherto, it would be that which deals with education on the one hand, and with clerical ascendancy on the other. Lord Russell, in the letter to which we have alluded before, justly spoke of the important part which the question of unsectarian education is likely to play in future party conflicts. It is one branch of the political religious controversy which still leaves much work to be done. That within a few years the religious difficulty which has so long prevented the active and popular development of education, from Oxford and Cambridge down to the smallest parish school, will be practically solved, is, we think, open to little doubt. The country is not yet in favour of secular, as against religious education, and the vast majority would still prefer that timely concession and mutual forbearance might render arrangements possible, under which religious instruction would continue to form an important element of every school. But the country must not be driven to choose between the two,—between improved popular education on the one hand, and the maintenance of denominational teaching on the other. It is certain which of the two would in such a case have to go to the wall.

In reviewing some of the probable effects of the "leap in the dark," we have thus far mainly considered the action of the new electors, with reference to that class of subjects which have hitherto divided parties, and been treated as "vital questions." We are disposed to think that it is still more important to inquire what new lines of demarcation are likely to arise, and what changes of relative position may take place in some of those portions of the creeds of parties, which have hitherto been treated as secondary, and of minor interest. We reserve for a future article the task of considering what new questions are likely to be forced upon the legislature by the new electors, or what old questions,—on which the greatest latitude of opinion has hitherto been allowed to all political parties,—are likely, under the new Constitution, to become rigorous tests of loyalty to those new parties which may probably now take the place of the old.

ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER I.

A VERY SMALL TOWN.

IN the whole west of France there is no prettier town than D——. Lying rather out of the way, it has as yet had but few pretexts for “improving” itself, and in many respects presents the same appearance as it did some half a century ago. D—— is nothing in particular; not a fishing town, for the sea is too far off; nor a manufacturing town, for “business” of that kind is absorbed by Cholet, which is some ten leagues distant, and represents the manufacturing interest. D—— is, if anything, an occasional place of passage or rest for drovers, who still find it quickest and cheapest to drive their Chôletais oxen from the banks of the Lèvres to the more central towns on the banks of the Loire, pending the establishment of small local railway branches. No railroad leads to D——. If it did, old Martin Prévost would not have been the great ruler of that small town that he truly was.

Martin Prévost was of Swiss extraction. His grandfather had been valet de chambre, steward, factotum, alter ego, to a famous Vendéan chief, a proud rich noble of the ancien régime, but one of the few who preferred the hard active life of a partisan to anything Court favour could offer him, and who was genuinely glad to exchange Versailles for the hazards and hardships of La Chouannerie. The trading principle being uppermost in the mind of the Helvetian, the confidant of Monsieur le Marquis soon became rich. It was said that he managed to sell a good many of the necessaries of existence to both sides at once, and that both were his grateful customers. He was never known to betray either, but merely got out of each all he could. Monsieur le Marquis died in exile, earning starvation wages by the French lessons he gave in an English seaport town, and his valet de chambre died possessed of a house in D——, in which he had, at the time of the Consulate, opened what Americans would call a “store.” His principle was one of beautiful simplicity. He bought everything and sold everything; striving only with delightful single-mindedness never to realise any profit under twenty per cent. upon either operation. He married a wife who was crooked and blind of one eye, but these slight defects were fully compensated for to him by the dower she brought him, and which he laid out so as to double it,—of which fact she never had the smallest token or proof.

His son was unworthy of his sire, and did nothing to improve his

position in life. The father judged his offspring severely, but took care to get him advantageously married, and when he died, recommended him to the care of his wife.

Prévost II. went through life and out of it, unnoticed; but did not dissipate his estate, so that, at his death, in 1835, he left what his father had left him, and what his wife's dot had added to that, untouched and entire to his two sons.

In Martin Prévost, the younger of these two sons, the spirit of the grandfather burned strongly, and was intensified by that atmosphere of barter which, in France above all countries, is the very "over-soul" of mankind in this nineteenth century. Martin Prévost carried the destinies of his house to a remarkable height, and at the time of which we are writing he was virtually the ruler of D—— and its population of 3,800 souls.

Martin Prévost was the money-lender of the whole district, and as those who borrowed rarely repaid in cash, and as he never lent save on unexceptionable security, it is not difficult to calculate how from decade to decade Martin's power and wealth increased. Soon after his father's death he bought a Charge de Notaire, which he kept for six or seven years, and then sold to considerable advantage; for he had gained for this office such repute that people of high standing came to consult him from distant towns even, and his opinion and advice were worth gold! When Monsieur Martin Prévost sold his Etude he called this proceeding retiring from business. "*Je me retire des affaires,*" said he; but there were one or two sharp-eyed individuals, and D—— numbered marvellously few such, who opined that on the contrary this was the very period when Prévost's business seriously began. By the time he had been six or seven years a notary, no family within twenty or thirty miles had a secret of which he was unpossessed; and when he delivered over the various and voluminous documents of his office to his unsuspecting successor, he carried away in his prodigious memory the details of the financial complications of the entire neighbourhood. But old Prévost was a wise man, and though his power was felt and acknowledged, he never allowed it to be supposed that he ever could possibly presume upon it. He lived well, but modestly and economically, having but one servant, a woman for whom he had the deepest respect, and as outdoor servant a man, who was gardener, labourer, groom, and commissionaire to Madame Jean.

It used to be said in and about D—— that no one knew anything that was not good, and that no one felt anything that was, touching Martin Prévost, yet every one applied to him, and every one, at some moment or other of their lives, trusted him. He had never married, but he had adopted his nephew, and given the young fellow an excellent education. Old Martin's brother had turned out ill,—that is, unlucky,—and had died young in America, whither he had emigrated,

terribly in debt. What became of his wife, or who or what she was, no one in D—— ever heard. Some people said she had run away from him; but Martin had the boy sent to him, when he was only six years old, had brought him up since then, and, I repeat it, had brought him up well. What created no little astonishment was, that he had not brought him up over strictly, but in the way of liberty and money gave him to the full as much as other young men of his station could boast of possessing.

Wednesday was market day in D——, and on a certain Wednesday, not quite two years ago, a little group of two or three women was gathered round the open door of Martin Prévost's house talking with Madame Jean. There was the same character of sharpness in each of those female faces, but Madame Jean had an air of authority which the others lacked, and the basket she carried on her strong stout arm was half as big and half as full again as any of the other women's baskets. It was not much past eight o'clock, and though the October sun was warm, the air was still cool, and a fresh but not unpleasant wind shook the boughs of the lime-trees overhanging the terrace of old Prévost's garden.

"Certainly poultry is out of all price," cried bitterly a skinny, black-browed woman, looking enviously at Madame Jean, and at a pair of huge Cochon-Chinese legs that protruded from her basket. "We up at the Mairie haven't gone out of beef and vegetables for I don't know how long;—and beef, up now at thirteen sous, one franc six a kilo, as they will call it;—well! I reckon by pounds and sous, I can't take to their new ways, though I do belong to the Administration." At this the speaker drew herself up with pride.

"Yes," said Madame Jean, "beef is dear, and veal is bad,—all strings;—and poultry is dear, and everything is dear."

"But nothing is too dear for la maison Prévost," interrupted the purveyor of Monsieur le Maire. "Mère Jubine well knows where she can place a fowl even for the sum of three francs ten,—four francs even, who can tell?"

"Mère Jubine owed it me!" replied with dictatorial tone Madame Jean. "The last I bought from her was an unsatisfactory fowl, so I reckoned it her at only half price, and took this one to make up. Our young man is not well just now, and wants light food, so I shall let him eat poultry for a few days. Bless my soul! it ain't such an extra after all. With two pots au feu there's the whole week; reckon:—all depends on the management, no extras are any matter if you are a ménagère, and if you are not, why you come to think bread itself an extra; but where are the ménagères?" Madame Jean said this defiantly, and the other matrons were cowed.

"Is anything serious the matter with Monsieur Richard?" asked the mildest looking of the group in a propitiatory manner.

"Serious? No!" responded Madame Jean, as though it would

have been absurd to suppose that anything serious could be the matter in so prosperous a house as that of Monsieur Prévost. "Serious? No! but you know he never was the strongest of the strong; he's not a Turk nor a weight-thrower at the fair, and he's never quite got over his attack of the lungs this winter; he's delicate, if you will, but care makes up for everything, and he gets lots of it."

"Why didn't you buy that hare of Mère Lucas?" whined out the chief of the mayor's kitchen. "I've heard say game was good for invalids."

"Because I didn't choose," retorted Madame Jean sharply.

"Oh!" was the rejoinder. "Faites excuse. I thought it might be because of something else," and the woman looked warlike. But war with Madame Jean was not a thing to be dreamt of, as she quickly showed. Turning sharply round, and resting the whole of her outspread hand upon one end of her big basket, which drove the other end of that well-filled recipient so far up behind her shoulder that the Cochin-Chinese legs seemed almost sprouting from her back like cherubs' wings—"Madelon," said she, "you mean Prosper Morel. I know quite well what you mean; but we know all about it as well as you do, and we don't want Monsieur le Maire or anybody else to inform us of anything. I had my thoughts about that hare, if you must know; that hare never was shot,—that hare was caught, caught mayhap on Monsieur Rivière's land, therefore stolen. There; call it by its name, stolen; a deal more likely stolen by Prosper Morel than by any one else; but what then? primo, where's the proof? You believe it; the Maire believes it; the Garde's certain sure of it; but more than all, I believe it; but what then? Prosper has had his permit taken from him; Monsieur wouldn't help him to get it; and what then? Suppose the Garde catches him, and draws up his proces verbal, and he gets condemned, and fined, and justice is satisfied, and suppose Monsieur turns him out of his hut up there in the forest, and gets another woodcutter. Well, suppose all that, what then? Who'll be shot in a by-path, or have his throat cut in his back shop, or have his house burnt over his bed?" The women all looked aghast and nodded their heads ominously, as though admitting that it was but too true.

"You fancy, do you," continued Madame Jean, "that that silent, sulky, hulking Breton would let the worst come to the worst without having his revenge. But all the same, Madelon: don't you imagine we don't know as well as Monsieur le Maire what goes on in D—; only I don't buy trapped game. Monsieur Richard's chasse suffices us. We are regular people and eat the hares and partridges off our own stubble. If Mère Lucas makes one franc fifty clear profit out of a hare, she pays fifty centimes, taking the risk. She's welcome to it, but I don't put the one franc fifty into her pocket, not I!"

"Monsieur le Curé's Lise does," observed the mild-mannered woman.

"Oh! Monsieur le Curé's Lise!" snarled Madelon in her most contemptuous tone, and as though no proceeding could possibly be too objectionable for Monsieur le Curé's Lise.

"Well! Monsieur le Curé's Lise?" retorted Madame Jean. "She's a wise woman; she gets for two francs a hare worth four, not to say five, if we were in carnival time, and no harm done. Monsieur le Curé may do what he likes."

"There she goes across the street," remarked Madelon.

"And Céleste from down at Verancour's, with her," added her soft-spoken companion.

A laugh, indulged in together, by Madame Jean and Madelon, seemed to establish peace between them.

"It would be a fine sight to see what she has bought at market," sneered Madelon; "two potatoes, three olives, and an onion, maybe! They do say that on fast days Céleste serves up fish a week old!"

"Fish!" echoed Madame Jean; "fish out of sea or river comes a deal too dear for the château!" She laid a tremendously pompous accent on the first syllable. "I was once inside their doors, and in going away I had just to cross the dining-room as they were coming in to dinner. If you'll believe me, there was, besides a soup of bread and water, nothing but lentils and a red herring. But, Lord! weren't they set out in fine silver dishes? It was the Wednesday of the quatre temps de Septembre. I've wondered to myself ever since then what it is they live upon; for the wind that blows, however healthy it may be, won't keep body and soul together in three grown-up people."

"Live upon?" exclaimed almost savagely Madelon. "Why, upon their own importance!"

"To be sure," remarked the conciliatory one of the group, "they do believe in themselves!"

"Yes," muttered Madame Jean; "to make up for nobody else's believing in them."

"Never mind," added Madelon; "let's see what Céleste has got in the way of flesh for these grandees, for it's not the quatre temps de Septembre now, and they must put something more than vanity into their stomachs, all the same. Ce——"

"Hush!" said Madame Jean, stopping the loud appeal which the other woman was preparing to address to the two *bonnes* who were at the further side of the street. "Hush! There's Monsieur le Vicomte himself turning the corner down to the left, and coming this way."

"Ugh!" grunted Madelon. "What's he wanting up hereabouts? I thought his daily mass was hardly over by this time."

"He's coming here," said Madame Jean; and a moment later the person alluded to came up from behind, divided the group of women, touching his hat as he passed, and saying "Pardon, mesdames,"

confronted Madame Jean on the doorsteps on which she was standing. The women nodded to each other and parted, leaving Madame Jean alone on the threshold of the maison Prévost.

"Could I see Monsieur Prévost for a moment?" inquired the new comer, politely.

"Quite impossible at this hour," rejoined Madame Jean, after a most stately fashion. "Monsieur has not yet breakfasted. It is not yet nine. Monsieur breakfasts as the clock strikes ten, and Monsieur never sees any one before breakfast. You have not come by appointment?" she asked.

"No—not exactly—but——"

"Of course not," interrupted Madame Jean. "Monsieur would have informed me."

"But my business is very pressing," urged the petitioner, "and would not take up more than a quarter of an hour."

But it was no use. Madame Jean was "in the exercise of her functions," and any one who has ever had dealings with them, knows in that particular state how unmanageable is a Frenchman or a Frenchwoman. Madame Jean was not impolite; she was impervious, opaque, not to be penetrated by an influence from without. He who strove to propitiate her, had to bear his ill-success complacently,—for fear of worse,—and accept her permission to come again at eleven o'clock. She had the satisfaction of making things go her own way without any extraordinary effort; and though it could not be objected that she was rude, she contrived never once to address her interlocutor as "Monsieur le Vicomte."

CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

MADAME JEAN had barely witnessed the retreat of her enemy, for such it appeared he was, however innocently, when she became aware that her master was calling her from within. She shut the house-door, and, putting down her basket in the passage, went upstairs to a room on the first-floor, whence the voice issued. Opening a door to the right, she stood in Monsieur Prévost's presence.

He was standing close to a large table covered with account books and papers, and he held an open letter in his hand.

Martin Prévost was about sixty-two or three, and though he looked strong and bien conservé, still he looked his age. He was above the middle height, gaunt rather than spare, with a bony frame, an immense hook-nose, and two small, sharp eyes, quite close together. There were about him all the signs of power of an inferior order; power of plodding, power of endurance, and capacity of privation, and the unfailing marks of acquisitiveness,—the rapacious eye and hand.

"Look at that," he said, in an angry tone, as he thrust into Madame Jean's fingers the open letter he held in his own; "the fellow has just been here, and I have told him that if he can't clear himself of these accusations he must go. I wash my hands of him. I'll have no quarrels with the Administration. He shall be turned out."

Meanwhile Madame Jean read the letter, which ran thus:—

"SIR AND HONOURED COLLEAGUE" (Monsieur Prévost had been the mayor of D— three years before, and the present man was his successor),—"I think it right to warn you of the irregularities of the man named Prosper Morel, in your employ. As you are aware, he has no *permis de chasse* this season, but I have every reason to believe he steals game in the night-time. The garde, François Lejeune, is morally convinced of having seen this individual committing his malpractices, though he has hitherto contrived to escape being taken in *flagrante delicto*; and Monsieur Rivière has already twice complained of him to me officially. As the man is employed by you, and as nothing would give me greater pain, sir and honoured colleague, than to have to take any steps annoying to you, I venture to beg that you will admonish him and force him to renounce his malpractices, in default of which I should be obliged to proceed with a rigour I should deeply deplore, and set the *gendarmerie* in action.

"I remain, &c.,

"SIXON COLLOT, Mayor."

When Madame Jean reached the word *gendarmerie*, she, for certain excellent reasons which we shall know later, curled her lip in disdain, and muttered something unintelligible, but which seemed to imply that she knew better than to indulge in the slightest alarm respecting that gallant body of defenders of the state.

"Now look you here, Sophie," said Monsieur Prévost, when his prime minister had concluded her perusal of the administrative appeal, "my mind is made up. Prosper Morel goes about his business at the end of the month. I'll have nobody of his kind about me; it compromises one's position. It's intolerable; he shall leave at the end of the month."

Madame Jean shook her head. "He's been here sixteen years," objected she.

"What does that matter?" retorted her master.

"His wife was the little one's *bonne*."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"No;—I know it hasn't," observed the woman, "nothing at all;—only she saved his life when he had the typhus fever, and lost her own by catching it."

"What the devil has that in common with her husband?" growled Martin Prévost. "The woman's dead."

"Yes; but how is the man to gain his bread if he leaves here?"

persisted Madame Jean. "He's at home a long way off, down in Basse Bretagne, and he's got no home at all when he gets there."

"He must beg," replied Martin Prévost.

"Begging's forbidden by law," answered Madame Jean. "He must steal or he must starve."

"Well, he must go, that's certain," rejoined her master.

Madame Jean fixed a hard, bold look on old Martin Prévost, and though the look was both bold and hard, it was a far better one than that which shot from his keen ferret eyes, and he quailed before it.

"Prosper Morel is a dangerous man," said she authoritatively.

"Bah!" grumbled Monsieur Prévost; "a man without a sou is never dangerous."

"You mistake," replied Madame Jean, "a man with ever so little money is not dangerous, but a man with none at all is; and I tell you, beware of Prosper Morel; don't cast him off, give him another chance." In everything Madame Jean seemed used to have her own way. She apparently ruled and governed, and when she retired from her master's presence, it was settled that Prosper Morel should be severely lectured by both Monsieur Prévost and herself, but that he should retain his office of *bûcheron*, and the abode it secured to him in the forest, on condition of good behaviour in future.

While this discussion was going on up-stairs, another little scene, in immediate connection with it, was being enacted on the ground-floor. The window of a room at the back of the house, looking over a paved court, and beyond that to the garden, was open, and seated at it was a young man, in a well-padded armchair, listlessly and lazily smoking a cigar. A shadow fell across him, projected by the figure of a man who passed in front of the open window, and touched his cap as he did so.

"Good day, Prosper," said the young man in an indolent tone of voice.

"Salut, Monsieur Richard," mumbled the other, and went his way.

"Prosper," called the young man, "when will you bring me down those rods? The weather isn't at all bad for fishing, but my rods are all too short."

The man turned round, came back, and stood right in front of the window. He was decidedly disagreeable to look at, slouching, ungainly, clumsily put together. You couldn't help comparing him to those unfinished animals which are shown to us as nature's first efforts before the flood. He did not look bad, but unpleasant, an incomplete product, with the mud and slime of that jelly period sticking to his features and limbs.

"I can't bring you the rods, Monsieur Richard," said he, in a thick, drawling voice, "for I am going away,—going for ever. Monsieur up

there"—and he gave a jerk with his thumb in the direction of the first-floor—"has turned me away."

"What for?" inquired Monsieur Richard.

The man scratched his head, and looked more hopelessly stupid than before. "Oh, *histoire de rien!*" he drawled out; "*histoire de Monsieur le Maire.*"

"Nonsense, Prosper," argued the young man, laying his cigar on the window-sill; "you can't go."

"I am going, Monsieur Richard," he rejoined; "but—" and everything in him seemed, as it were, to set at that moment; lips, eyebrows, and hands, stiffened into an expression of brutish revengefulness that was still more stupid than threatening. Decidedly the ruling characteristic of the man was blockheadedness. I can find no other term.

"Nonsense, Prosper; hold your tongue!" rejoined Monsieur Richard. "Come round here into my room and tell me all about it. I must set you right with my uncle."

The man did as he was bid, and slouchingly skulked off to the back entrance. And certainly Monsieur Richard did look a likely person to make peace between people. He was so very blond and gentle-looking; not strong, decidedly, as Madame Jean had stated of him, but with an air of good-nature and delicate health that made you pity him and account for the evident laziness,—it was more than indolence,—of his nature.

As eleven o'clock was striking Monsieur le Vicomte came, and claimed the audience that had been promised him by Madame Jean, who was graciously pleased herself to introduce him into the same room on the first-floor in which we have already been made acquainted with the master of the house.

This room was Martin Prévost's sanctuary. In it were assembled the several objects of his dearest care,—his correspondence, his account-books, and his safe. That same *caisse de sureté* was about the only indication that Monsieur Prévost had ever allowed himself to afford to the outer world of his riches; and, naturally, legends had taken it for their basis in the little world of D——. It had come all the way from Paris, and fabulous sums were mentioned as its price. This infinitely annoyed Martin Prévost, and if he could have kept his wealth securely in his cellar, he would have done so gladly. Of course his natural instinct, as is that of his entire class, was to bury it, to hide it, but education and the age having left their impress on him, he resisted this impulse; and, sure enough, there in that safe were all Martin Prévost's securities, bonds, shares, obligations,—and cash.

Well; his visitor entered, and sat down, and having something really important to say, began—as in that case people invariably do—by speaking of something utterly unimportant, and irrelevant to the matter in hand.

There they were, face to face; the grandson of the Swiss valet de

chambre and the "son of the crusaders;" and, *ma foi!* if the truth must be told, there was very little to choose between them as to mere external aspect. Monsieur de Vèrancour was not by any means aristocratic looking; not a bit of a François Premier, or a Maréchal de Richelieu, or a Lauzun, or any other type of the fiery grace and brilliant corruption of the past;—not an atom about him of the pale, tall, worn-out, exquisite old gentleman whom romancers, as a rule, oppose to bull-headed blown-out boursiers, as the true representatives of an era you would fancy they deplored;—not a sign of all this in Monsieur le Vicomte. He was rather of the bull-headed type himself, and instead of having an aquiline nose, which, to be truthful, Martin Prévost had, his nose was a thick, stumpy nose; the black hairs which encircled his bald crown were bristles; his face was broad, and its colouring red-brown; his figure was stout, and not very tall; and his hands were ugly, and the nails not clean. His dress was slovenly, and he looked like a man who used his limbs a good deal, and lived much in the open air in all weathers. His age was not much past fifty.

Between these two men, one made and the other marred by '89, was there then any difference at all? More than you suppose, but quite other than you think. For the present, we will go no further than mere manner. As they sat there opposite to each other, Martin Prévost seemed to have in many respects the advantage of the two, but he lacked one thing which the Vicomte had, and that one thing was ease.

After having exhausted the subject of pears;—old Prévost was a pear fancier, and the orchard at the Château was supposed to possess some wonderfully fine specimens of almost extinct sorts;—Monsieur de Vèrancour suddenly plunged into the subject for which he had so impatiently sought the present interview.

"You are curious to know the business which brings me to you to-day?" said he with a smile. Old Prévost bowed stiffly, as though he wished to mark that he was not curious at all. "Well, I have a great secret to tell you, and I rely entirely on your discretion, for such things must not be talked about. I am going to marry my eldest daughter——"

"To Monsieur de Champmorin," interrupted old Prévost in a freezing tone.

The Vicomte was very near giving a visible start, but did not do so.

"You really are a magician!" exclaimed he with a laugh; "but all the same I count on your discretion; these things must not be talked about till they are absolutely settled."

"And this is not absolutely settled," added old Prévost, half interrogatively, and fixing his two small keen eyes on his visitor.

"Well,—a marriage is only settled when the bridal mass is chanted," replied the Vicomte, evasively.

"Monsieur de Champmorin has thirty thousand francs a year now,"

continued Martin Prévost, not unloosing his piercing gaze from his hearer's countenance. "He will have at his uncle's death a house in Paris, in the neighbourhood of the General Post Office, that will give him fifteen thousand francs more, because that he will divide with his sister; the uncle leaves to both alike; but he will have his grand-aunt's property all to himself at her death;—she's near eighty now;—and Saulnois, if it was only decently attended to, ought to yield five-and-twenty thousand francs a year net. So you see thirty and fifteen are forty-five; and say only twenty,—because of course he'll farm Saulnois ill!—that makes sixty-five thousand francs a year, first and last. Monsieur de Champmorin is out and out the best parti in the department. Have you any objection to make to him?" Martin Prévost asked this question, fixing his eyes still more like screws into the features of the Vicomte's face; and then, before giving him time to answer, "I know it has been said he drinks, and is violent, and ill brought up, and lives only with his farm servants," he went on;—"but that would hardly be objected to. Mademoiselle Félicie is very clever, and so saintly a person that she would perhaps win him into better conduct;—and then, in your society man and wife have so little need to be together! If les convenances are satisfied, that is the essential point,—the rest is only of consequence in our class, in little humble households;—but do tell me; you surely have no objections to make to Monsieur de Champmorin?"

No! the truth had to come out, whole and entire. Monsieur de Vêrancour had no objection whatever to make to Monsieur de Champmorin; but Monsieur de Champmorin made one small requirement of him—namely, that that most accomplished and most saintly person, Mademoiselle Félicie, should have a dot of some sort or kind. It had to come out, and it did come out, drawn bit by bit, but wholly and to the last morsel, by the pressure of Martin Prévost's able and pitiless hand.

"So you would mortgage Les Grandes Bruyères; would you?" he abruptly asked when he knew all he wanted to know. "Well, Monsieur le Vicomte, you are best able to say what income that valuable property yields you;" and Monsieur Prévost commented upon these words with a smile imperceptibly ironical.

"Les Grandes Bruyères was the most valuable portion of my great-grandfather's whole estate in this part of the country," replied quietly Monsieur de Vêrancour.

"Was,—yes, granted; but what is it now? What does it yield you?"

"Oh, me? That is altogether another thing. I am too poor to farm such a property as it ought to be farmed; but you know what the land at Les Grandes Bruyères is worth, my dear Monsieur Prévost;" and in his turn the Vicomte fixed his eyes upon his interlocutor in a way that the latter did not find agreeable. The real truth of the matter was this; the bridegroom-elect of Mademoiselle Félicie had, after much discussion with his notary, and as much more between this functionary

and the future father-in-law, agreed to limit his prétentions to the sum of sixty thousand francs, moyennant quoi, he was content to take Mademoiselle Félicie "for better, for worse." It was a miserably small sum,—not three thousand pounds of English money,—and any one might see how, with his "hopes and expectations" and thirty thousand francs a year in hand, Monsieur de Champmorin was letting himself go dirt-cheap at such a price. It was a splendid "placement" for Mademoiselle Félicie; every atom of advantage was on her side. Words failed wherewith to paint the generous disinterestedness of Monsieur de Champmorin; but then, as his notary remarked, this was a "love match." Such was the excuse urged, when this bridegroom, in such high financial condition, consented to be purchased for the paltry sum of sixty thousand francs! And the public were expected to adopt his view of the transaction, and call it a "mariage d'amour!" But unluckily Monsieur de Vêrancour had not the sixty thousand francs to give! Do what he would, he could not scrape them together. This, however, led merely to prolonged discussion and to the acceptance of another form of payment by the Champmorin notary. Instead of the capital paid down, M. de Vêrancour was to pay the annual interest upon it to his daughter, who was to receive three thousand francs a year, £120, paid quarterly,—£30 every three months! Well, it was a cheap price for a husband, if you come to think of it! But now came the difficulty; how to raise the money?—Martin Prévost! There was the solution! And so Monsieur le Vicomte came to Martin Prévost, and had to tell him all, and leave not one little corner of his domestic embarrassments, however humiliating they might be, unrevealed. It had to be done, or all chance of placing Mademoiselle Félicie was at an end. At the end of half an hour, then, Martin Prévost held the destinies of the Vêrancour family in his hands.

The point at issue was this;—the property of Les Grandes Brayères was worth one hundred and fifty thousand francs any day to a man less poor than the Vicomte;—worth that to be sold, and worth that for the income it would yield to any one capable of farming it properly. But to M. de Vêrancour it was worth nothing, or worse than nothing, and his was the position of so many thousand needy landholders in France, to whom their land is a dead weight instead of a source of gain.

The long and the short of it was, that Martin Prévost, refusing inflexibly to lend one farthing upon any security whatever, and all idea of a mortgage being at an end, condescended at last to promise to purchase Les Grandes Brayères for the sum of seventy thousand francs, the "odd ten" being destined to the trousseau and inevitable marriage expenses. But how they had haggled, before they got to this conclusion, they alone can understand who have had the misfortune to be mixed up in France with "marrying and giving in marriage."

"But why not at once give Mademoiselle Félicie her dot of sixty

thousand francs, since I buy Les Grandes Bruyères, and you get the money?" inquired old Prévost.

"Because with half the sum I can quintuple it in a year," replied the Vicomte sagaciously.

"Ah!" drawled out old Prévost; "you can quintuple it, can you? Well, I wish I knew that secret! But you gentlefolks have a vivacity of intelligence that is surprising sometimes to us mere plodders and hard-working bourgeois."

"I must not tell you yet," resumed Monsieur de Vêrancour, with an air of diplomatic importance, "but there is an affair about to be launched that will make millionaires of all those who are connected with it; I have friends at the head of it, and——" he stopped suddenly, as though on the brink of violating some awful secret; "and when the time comes," he resumed, "I will try to interest you in it too."

"Serviteur!" answered old Prévost, with a profound bow. "I am infinitely obliged."

Just as Monsieur de Vêrancour got up to go, the money-lender spoke again. "There seems to me to be *one* little difficulty about your arrangements, Monsieur le Vicomte," murmured Martin Prévost blandly; "you will pay to Madame de Champmorin the yearly sum of three thousand francs, but when you come to marry Mademoiselle Geneviève you will have to do precisely the same thing. She can force you to do it by law. What will you dispose of then? I may be dead by that time, and you may perhaps not find any one so anxious to do you a service." He called the operation he had just been engaged upon by this name!

Monsieur de Vêrancour turned round, and with a broad frank smile, "Vévette!" echoed he; "oh! Vévette will never marry. Vévette will go into a convent at her majority. It will be impossible to prevent her; and if she should change her mind, why, I shall by that time be able to give her such a dot as will enable her to marry a duke and a peer."

"Well, by that time I shall probably be dead," again repeated old Prévost, following his visitor to the door of the room; "but don't forget Mademoiselle Vévette. She is a very charming young lady, and the law will force you to give precisely the same advantages to the two sisters."

When Monsieur le Vicomte de Vêrancour was in the street, and trudging home as fast as he could, in order to write by post time to the Champmorin notary that all was made smooth now for the "placing" of his daughter Félicie in her most romantic "love match," he never once asked himself what impelled old Martin Prévost to take such a lively interest in the destiny of his daughter Vévette.

CHAPTER III.

THE SISTERS.

THE château, as it was termed, more often derisively than otherwise, had really once upon a time been the seignorial residence of D—, but the ancestors of the Vêrancour family were not its possessors then. It had come to them by marriage. Somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century a daughter of the house of Beauvoisin, the chief of which was the then châtelain and lord of D—, had been given in marriage by Henry IV. to the son of a recently ennobled échevin of Angers, whose riches, acquired no one precisely knew how, were regarded by the practical monarch as a sufficient compensation for want of birth. Both sides,—Beauvoisins as well as Vêrancours,—were Protestants, but after that historical mass to which the Béarnois so promptly made up his mind as the price for the Crown of France, Vêrancours and Beauvoisins, and the greater part of their families, went all in a heap together back again into the venerable bosom of Mother Church. Of the old Beauvoisin race there were soon none left. They had dated from before the Crusades, and had never been anything but warriors, who, being inapt at learning any useful art or trade, had been absorbed by those who could. It was an act of grace and honesty on the part of the Vêrancour people that they did not assume the name of the extinct family, but they assumed a vast deal more than its pride, and a more over-bearing set never were known. Their own name, their patronymic, dating from the thirteenth century, was Saunier; which made it probable that some ancestor of theirs had originally dug or traded in salt from the salt-marshes of Brittany; but of this name, which, associated with that of Vêrancour, they had borne under the Valois kings, all trace was rubbed out even in their own memories. They were “sons of crusaders” to all intents and purposes, had grown prejudiced precisely in the inverse ratio to their power, and were landed in this hard high-pressure nineteenth century of ours with all the attributes and incapacities belonging to races whose *raison d’être* is no more.

There was an enormous difference between these last descendants of the Sauniers de Vêrancour and their own great grandfathers of the Court of Versailles. These people believed in themselves, whilst the others made believe to do so. The wealthy “ennoblis” of the times of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. shared with a large number of grand seigneurs the consciousness of the surprise their own fathers would have felt at seeing the grandeur they had achieved.*

* The Duc de Gesvres (Potier), for instance, who upon one occasion at Court, addressed thus one of his colleagues:—“M. le Duc! what would our fathers in heaven say, if they could see us where we are?”

Whereas after the destroying angel of '89 had jumbled the old and the new into one uniform mass, leaving no particular sign to any individual victim, all came together at the Resurrection of 1815,—above all, too, after the grand tragi-comedy of the Empire,—as equal. From the equality of suffering they inferred the equality of caste, and swamping any minor differences, agreed to set themselves apart from the rest of their fellows.

To this plan the smallest provincial families, totally oblivious of their origin, adhered with marvellous tenacity, and what is more marvellous still, the rest of the world did its best to take them at their word. The priests honoured them, society accepted them, the really illustrious houses of the land intermarried with them, all governments coquetted with them, the peasantry sneered at them, and the bourgeoisie abhorred them, as if they sprang indisputably from Brahma's eyebrow or Jupiter's thigh. Whatever might be the purity or impurity of the blood in their veins, they fully enjoyed the advantages and disadvantages of the position they attributed to themselves, and in many instances gave extraordinary examples of self-renunciation and of sacrifice to what they termed the respect for their names. Our friend, the worthy Vicomte de Verancour was a fine specimen of his kind of what he called his "order." He really was allied to whatever was noblest, not only in his department, but as far away as that magnificent temple whereof they of the Parisian Faubourg St. Germain are the high priests. He was very poor, had been obliged to educate poorly, and had condemned to many privations, his two daughters, whom he dearly loved; but he looked upon his poverty as a distinction, and thought it was his duty to behave as he did, and that it was incumbent upon him at any cost to be what he called "true to his name."

The château at D— might, ages ago, have been an agreeable abode, when its possessors had wealth sufficient to procure what were the relative comforts and luxuries of the period, but it was a miserable place for two young women to inhabit in our day. Built, as are often baronial castles in the west of France, considerably below the village or town dependent upon it in days of yore, its first unavoidable evil was dampness, and want of air on all sides save one. It was decidedly unwholesome;—no one denied that. Then, although it was not large of its kind, it was much too large for its inhabitants, and they had to huddle themselves into holes and corners, where the torn and soiled furniture that had escaped the outrages of the past could be turned to the best use. Women, and more than any other French women, can contrive to make something out of nothing, and by the time the two Mesdemoiselles de Verancour had been six months home from their convent at Poitiers, they really had converted the set of rooms appropriated to themselves and their father on the ground-floor into a presentable suite of chambers for a family of

reduced means. There was enough of discomfort, as we English people might think,—you habitually entered the house through the kitchen, and in the Vicomte's study you would be suddenly reminded by the fall of something soft and plump upon the floor of the presence of frogs; but resignation was the virtue of this family, and it was thought the right thing to submit to everything for the sake of —what it might puzzle you or me to specify distinctly, but they knew, and were satisfied with their own magnanimity.

I have said that there was one side of the château which was open to the winds of heaven, and on that side a tolerably broad terrace planted with acacias, lime and nut trees, delightfully cool and shady in summer, was the open air boudoir of the two sisters, Félicie and Geneviève, or Vêvette, as she was by abbreviation usually called. This had originally formed part of the castle ramparts, and had been one of the outworks meant to defend the town and fortress of D— against any inroad on the part of the Bretons. If you crossed over the broad stone parapet on one side, you could see down straight into a well-kept lane which led round the castle premises up to the town, and branched off about half a league lower down from the high road to Cholet.

It was a bright beautiful October afternoon, a few days after the Vicomte's visit to Martin Prévost. The two sisters were sitting at the stone table at the end of the terrace. Baskets full of work and working materials were before them. The trees overhead were rich in their russet clothing, there was not a breath of wind stirring, and the warm soft sunlight flooded the meadows and pasture lands that spread out in front, and beyond the limit of the château's present domains.

"Is that the Angelus already?" asked Félicie, listening to the bell of the parish church of D— ringing out six o'clock. "Is Monsieur le Curé coming to supper to-night?"

"I think not," was the reply.

In the provinces, and where the womankind of such families as these come together, it is impossible that a quarter of an hour should elapse without mention being made of a curé.

"Then suppose we look at the *Monde Illustré*," observed Félicie, drawing from the bottom of the large work-basket, where they lay hidden, two or three back numbers of an illustrated journal which a cousin, living at Tours, a lady of a worldly turn of mind, was in the habit of sending now and then to the two girls. "What is the matter, Vêvette; what are you dreaming of?" she added, looking at her sister, who, with her work laid down upon her knee, was apparently gazing at vacancy, whilst the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"I was thinking of la mère Marie-Claire," said Vêvette gently; "the sound of the Angelus suddenly reminded me of her, and of our convent days."

"La mère Marie-Claire was so devotedly fond of you, that it is no wonder you loved her, and regret her now she's dead," rejoined Félicie, with a rather sententious air, "but, for a well-born woman, I must say, Vévette, that a worse example can hardly be conceived than the one she gave."

"Do you really think that, sister?" inquired the younger girl, timidly, adding with a sigh: "Poor dear, sweet mère Marie-Claire! how lovely she was! and how like an angel she looked in the last few months of her life!"

"Vévette!" retorted the elder sister, with all the sternness so handsome a "saint" could command; "pray do not misapply terms. Mère Marie-Claire, who, I grieve to say, was distantly related to mamma, may have been a person to be pitied, and we will hope she is forgiven. Monsieur le Curé says it is allowable to pray for her. But she was assuredly no angel, and a more rebellious woman cannot be imagined. Why, she actually died of it! What made her take the veil, pray, if not that she preferred being a nun to marrying the man her parents had chosen for her?"

"But she said she could not love him," argued humbly Vévette.

Félicie curled her lips proudly. "What has a well-born, piously brought up girl to do with such reasonings as that?" she exclaimed. "The real fact is even worse than what I said just now; the real fact is, that the misguided woman took the veil because she could not marry the man she pretended she loved."

"But he was her equal. I believe he was her own cousin," urged Vévette, blushing deeply at her audacity.

"Equal, maybe," rejoined Félicie, "but they had no money between them, and the parents would not hear of it. No! mère Marie-Claire I hope repented of her errors, but in plain terms it cannot be denied that she positively died for love."

"And really, Félicie," murmured her sister tremblingly, after a pause of a few seconds, "do you think that it is so very dreadful a crime?"

"Think?" retorted the other. "Oh, Vévette! mère Marie-Claire committed a greater sin than I could have thought her capable of, if in her long talks with you she put such improper ideas into your head. I hope you have confessed all this to Monsieur le Curé."

"I will," promised poor Vévette, turning her head; "but I don't know that I ever thought of it all so much before. I don't know why I suddenly seemed to remember poor mère Marie-Claire so well. It must have been the Angelus. Do you remember the sound of our bell at the Visitation?"

"No indeed, my dear," answered Félicie with a smile, and unfolding her newspapers. "Just look," she cried; "here is the whole account of the Fêtes of the 15th August."

"But that's six weeks ago," objected Vévette.

"No matter; such things are always fresh. There was a grand

ball at the Hotel de Ville, and here is a long description of all the dresses." And Félicie's eye ran eagerly down the column, and she occasionally stopped to chronicle her admiration of some special toilet. "Oh, this must have been lovely!" she all at once exclaimed; "listen! pink crape with water-lilies; and the coiffure, water-lilies with pearls plaited into the hair. I wonder who wore that? I wonder if she was beautiful? When I am married, I shall enjoy a few weeks in Paris in the winter——"

"Félicie!"

"Why not? It is the right thing to do. Of course I should not go to the Hotel de Ville balls,—though I believe now, there are some people who do; but our relations and Monsieur de Champmorin's too, in the Faubourg St. Germain, give magnificent fêtes."

"And you will go to Paris, sister?" asked Vévette. "I should be frightened out of my senses if I only set my foot in one of its streets. Why, it is worse than Babylon!"

"Possibly," replied the other demurely; "but when a well-born woman is married she owes a great deal to her name and position in the world, and to her husband and his family. She must make sacrifices every day. All Monsieur de Champmorin's family live more or less in Paris, and I believe his uncle wishes him to be a Deputy. I must think of him, and of the future position of our children."

It was not in Vévette's gentle heart to retaliate, but in her heart she questioned whether Félicie ought not also to betake herself to confession, and submit to Monsieur le Curé her strange mental preoccupations touching pink crape dresses, and head-dresses composed of water-lilies and pearls interwoven in the hair. Vévette rose from her seat, and leant over the wall of the old rampart.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," drawled out a languid voice from the road beneath.

"Félicie," said Vévette, turning round, "it is Monsieur Richard. He has got little Charlot behind him with a basket full of fish."

Félicie joined her sister, and with condescending grace looked down on Monsieur Richard. He lifted up the green leaves in the basket, and discovered a fine fat carp.

"That is a good big fish," he remarked carelessly; "the rest are not worth much;" and then deferentially raising his broad-brimmed felt hat, made his request. "Would it be too great presumption," he asked, "if I requested the favour of presenting my personal respects to Monsieur le Vicomte some day soon, before leaving D——?"

"Dear me! Monsieur Richard," rejoined Félicie, "are you about to leave D——? Has Monsieur votre oncle obtained some Government situation for you?"

"Not that," was the answer, "but my uncle is kind enough to think that at three-and-twenty it is well to see something of the world, and I am going to Paris for some months."

"To Paris!" ejaculated both the sisters at once. "Will you not be dreadfully lonely without any friends or acquaintances? In such a place as Paris, what will you do with yourself?"

"Well," retorted the young man, "I do not think anybody with plenty of money to spend is likely to remain long lonely in Paris, and my uncle has been very generous to me."

"Indeed," said Félicie. "Well, I am sure I wish you success, Monsieur Richard. Any day before breakfast you can come to the château. I daresay papa will receive you. Bon soir."

The day was waning, and the two girls gathered up their work, Vévette carrying the basket.

"The idea of that old Prévost sending his nephew to Paris!" remarked Félicie. "I wonder what will become of him!"

"But you know, don't you, that he is to be enormously rich?" remarked Vévette.

"What they call rich," added scornfully her sister.

"What any one would call rich," urged Vévette. "Why, Félicie, they say old Prévost has above a hundred thousand francs a year, and he will leave every penny to Monsieur Richard. You'll see he'll marry one of the daughters of those nouveaux riches, and buy all D—— one of these fine days."

"A hundred thousand francs a year," repeated musingly Félicie, as they prepared to enter the house. "He'll give his wife diamonds and run horses at the races." And then she sighed, and said devoutly, "What a horrible state of things!"

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIN PRÉVOST'S AMBITION.

A WEEK passed by. It was the 12th of October. Old Prévost had called his nephew into his room, and there the two sat together, on either side of the long bureau-table, while the legendary "caisse de sureté" raised its cumbrous shape between the two windows, right in front of Monsieur Richard, whilst his uncle sat with his back towards it.

There was no resemblance between them;—not one single trait in common had they. The uncle's hard, sharp, vulture-like features were not reproduced in the rather weak mould in which those of the nephew had been cast. The old man's thin lips were very different from the full, red, sensual mouth of the young man opposite to him, and his piercing eyes utterly outshone Monsieur Richard's mild blue ones, with their rather vague, wandering glances. One thing was a pity; Monsieur Richard's eyelids were delicate, and every now and then got inflamed, which took from the pleasantness of his aspect, for he really was otherwise what may be termed good-looking. There was, if you will, a certain dulness in his air; I won't say that

he looked exactly stupid, but there was a total absence of light about him. You would swear that if he had been in the place of any of his elders of the Prévost stock, he would never have known how to make the fortunes they had made. No; stiff, sharp old Martin Prévost, as he sat there, straight-backed and all of a piece, was the evident superior of that fair-haired, round-faced, delicate young man. But then this is a degenerate age, and the money having been made by wiser, stronger men, it was enough that the mediocre but truly amiable inheritor of it all should make a good use of it;—and that Monsieur Richard undoubtedly would do.

"Now that I have given you most of the necessary details about your stay in Paris, and the principal friends you will find there," said old Prévost, continuing a conversation begun some half an hour before, "it is necessary that I should inform you of what my plans for your future are."

"Any that you form I shall follow," replied the nephew with a bow.

"Yes," answered the old man as blandly as it lay in his nature to do. "I have never had any complaint to make of you, Richard; you have always been obedient and well-conducted; and though you have no turn for affairs, I consider you thoroughly capable of doing credit to the position I have achieved. You start from where I leave off, Richard. I remain a plodding plebeian. You must be a gentleman. You must complete yourself by marriage. I have told you ever since you were a boy of fifteen to look forward to that. I have told you to familiarise yourself with the people down at the château as much as you could. Well! why do you shake your head?"

"Because, dear uncle, I have tried, but they won't let me! They are familiar enough with me, for that matter, but it is the familiarity that is used towards an inferior."

"They don't know how rich you are," interrupted old Prévost.

Monsieur Richard shook his head again. "To say the whole truth," he added, "the Vicomte treats me like a lacquey."

"Bah!" broke out old Prévost with a fierce bitterness of contempt, "they would marry a lacquey if he only brought them money enough. I tell you, nephew, you shall be Monsieur le Vicomte's son-in-law. I am in treaty now for the domain of Châteaubréville down in the Mayenne, and before the year is out you shall be Monsieur Prévost de Châteaubréville, and your noble spouse,"—this was said with a sneer,—"*shall do the honours of your house to the whole department. I do not destine you to be a Deputy, Richard. I mean to keep that for myself,*" and the old man looked as he spoke capable of sterner efforts than are required to compel the attention of the Corps Législatif. "I will be the Deputy, you shall be of the Conseil-Général. Who knows? President of it, perhaps. Money will do anything! And I will carry through the direct line of railway from Paris. When once we've got that,—besides

the new coal-fields,—it shall be my fault if any of the new men in Paris,—were it even the Pèreires themselves,—are richer than me. But the first thing is your marriage."

Monsieur Richard's eyes had been actually flashing light all this while, as he listened to his uncle's words. He knew old Prévost's indisputable capacity, and knew also how small men had made enormous fortunes; and at the concluding phrase he blushed all over with delight.

"If it were possible, dear uncle," he exclaimed, "it would indeed be a brilliant dream, for——"

"Probably," interrupted the old man, "you've gone and formed some inclination, as people call it, for that scornful princess; that is of no sort of consequence;" and he waved his hand, as if setting aside all such nonsense; "but there is no harm in it. What is important is that I hold those Vêrancours in my hand, and that on the day after to-morrow, on Thursday, at two o'clock, I shall put my signature side by side with Monsieur le Vicomte's to an act that will make him my dependent. He has sold me Les Grandes Bruyères. I have had all the acts and contracts made out. I pay him the money at two o'clock on Thursday next; but an hour after that, I wouldn't advise Monsieur le Vicomte to play me any tricks, because I can destroy with one word the entire combination for which he wants the cash."

"You know I never question you, uncle," said Monsieur Richard; but he looked all interrogation.

"No; you are exceedingly discreet," replied old Prévost, "and as the whole concerns you, I will trust you.—The Vicomte must have sixty thousand francs, or Champmorin won't marry the girl. I give him seventy thousand, and the marriage takes place. But by this proceeding he defrauds the other sister, for he has literally not a farthing left to give her. The château won't sell for twenty thousand francs; and if I show the real state of the case to Champmorin's notary, the business is done. Champmorin will withdraw, for he would have to refund,—besides all the éclat of the matter; and then Monsieur le Vicomte would have both his daughters upon his hands, and be minus the only bit of tolerable property he had to dispose of."

"But, uncle!" stammered the young man, upon whose countenance there had gathered all this while a cloud of anxiety that his interlocutor did not notice. "Uncle, I knew nothing of all this! Which of the sisters is going to be married?"

"Which?" echoed old Prévost, impatiently. "Why Mademoiselle Félicie, to be sure; who else should it be? With whom are we concerned, if not with Vêvette?"

His nephew gasped, and, for a moment or two, could not speak.

"Why, what ails the boy?" exclaimed old Prévost, transfixing the unhappy Monsieur Richard with a look that was full of the bitterest contempt. "You haven't been offering your hand, have you, to Monsieur de Champmorin's charming bride; to that ——?" Here he stopped short,

and no epithet came, but the expression of his countenance was not complimentary to Mademoiselle Félicie. "Richard!" he resumed, in a very calm tone, "you will do well to listen to what I say: I have decided that Mademoiselle Geneviève shall be your wife, and on that condition I have told you what a position you shall enjoy; but if any obstacle to that arrangement were to come from you, I would immediately alter my will, and instead of being a rich man and a personage one of these days, you should find yourself all at once in the position of my grandfather when he began life. I would not leave you one centime."

Poor Monsieur Richard was pale as death, and seemed as though he were internally convulsed. Externally he trembled a little.

"Uncle," said he in an unsteady voice, "you never told me that you preferred one of the sisters to the other, and——"

"Told you!" echoed old Prévost; "why should I go explaining my intentions to you, before the time was come to act?"

"But, dear uncle," pleaded Monsieur Richard, "it was not my fault if——"

"Who cares whether it is your fault or not?" retorted Martin Prévost. "One thing be well assured of, that while I live Mademoiselle Félicie shall never be my niece. You idiot!" he added; "it is so like the wretched weaklings of your kind, the miserable products of this sensual age, to be attracted by a girl of that description. Why, you would not have been her husband half a year before you would be coming here to me whining and crying to be delivered from her! I know that young lady, though she doesn't yet know herself. I knew her grandmother, Monsieur le Vicomte's blessed mother, and that girl is every inch Madame Dorothee;—la belle Madame Dorothee! Yes, handsome she was, God knows, and some few are living who remember what she was besides;—all of which didn't prevent her going to mass every day of her life, and to confession twice a month,—for she was by way of being a devotee, too,—though devotion was easier to manage thirty or forty years ago than it is now, since the reign of the Jesuits in France."

"But, uncle," ventured to say the unhappy youth, "Mademoiselle Félicie is not yet nineteen, and has only been a year out of a convent. She cannot yet——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted old Prévost; "hold your tongue, Richard, about the whole thing. It shall not be. And now, as this topic must never be reverted to, I will just once for all speak my mind to you, and you will reflect upon what I say, and see if you can agree. You are like all the men of your time. They call themselves men." This was uttered with an indescribable sneer. "You are dishonest." The nephew started. "I don't mean that you would steal; but you won't pay. You want to enjoy, to enjoy always, without doing anything else, and you want to escape paying for it; that's what I

call dishonest, and that is the characteristic of you all. The men of my time worked and paid its full price for whatever they achieved. Look at me ; I've worked for forty years,—worked hard, and plodded not only through work, but through privations and through humiliations. Do you suppose I should ever have been as wealthy as I am if they who have helped to enrich me had dreamt I was ambitious ? No ! I have been scrupulously honest according to the present value of the word, but I have profited by the weaknesses of my neighbours, and I should never have known them if I had been thought of as anything save '*le bon homme Prévost*.' Wealth ! power even ! they don't mind that, so long as they fancy you can never use it to trouble their vanity. I ambitious ! Bless my soul ! I was only a money-getting machine, a humble, narrow-minded bourgeois, who knew nothing of politics, but only put sou upon sou and helped his betters out of difficulties by lending them the sums they couldn't get elsewhere ! I, '*le bon homme Prévost* !' Lord bless you, I didn't exist ! But now, my time is come, too, and I will have my enjoyment, for I have paid for it."

"And no one will be so rejoiced at your success as I shall be," put in the nephew cautiously.

"I am only sixty-two," continued Martin Prévost, careless of the interruption. "I have the strength of unspent years in store, for I have capitalised my health, as well as my money. I have fifteen years before me, during which I will have my enjoyment. I shall remain, as I told you, a plodding plebeian, but I will plod to some purpose, and on a higher field than I have had yet. There is the good of the empire ; the forces from below come into play now, and the forces from above are annihilated, though they don't see it. They get the titles, and crosses, and Chamberlain's keys, and their vanity is content ; they have nothing else ; but we of the lower ranks get the power. Now you see, Richard, I will make a gentleman of you, and you shall represent something. But I will rule your fortunes, and will not have for my niece a woman who would try to rule me."

Monsieur Richard permitted himself a vehement gesture of *dénégation*.

"Stuff !" said the uncle, sternly. "Mademoiselle Félicie was just the sort of girl to seize hold of a weak and vicious imagination. Don't be offended, Richard ! The imaginations of the young men of your age now-a-days are all vicious, because the men are all weak ;—all half-natures ! But that is no matter. Mademoiselle Félicie will be Madame de Champmorin in six weeks, and when I have paid the money down for Les Grandes Bruyères, the Vicomte, in spite of his pride, will not refuse me Mademoiselle Vévette, who is really an excellent girl, and manageable. When you come back from Paris, Monsieur Prévost de Chateaubréville, you shall marry her, and when you are somewhat over forty you will inherit all my wealth, be a personage, I tell you

again, and marry your own daughters to penniless marquises or even dukes, if you choose."

"Oh! uncle, uncle!" sighed his nephew.

The countenance of old Prévost underwent a slight change. Looking steadfastly at Monsieur Richard,—looking at him, as it were, through and through, he said,—"I'll tell you what you think would be just and proper. You think that because you are young you ought to be able to satisfy all your desires; you would like to have the position I can give you, and the woman you choose to fancy, besides; you would like my earnings and your own will. No, no, Richard, you must pay too; you must pay by submission and by patience! After-morrow Mademoiselle Félicie will be out of your reach. You must make up your mind to it. You will have the estate of Chateaubréville, and a Demoiselle de Vêrancour for the mother of your children, who will be very rich; and what have you done for all that?" and he took in the whole of his nephew, as it were, at one glance, and said, scornfully, "Nothing!"

Poor Monsieur Richard! He shrunk together, and attempted no further resistance. It might be very painful, but, as Mephisto says, "He was neither the first, nor would he be the last." This same conversation has been gone through, or will be gone through, by more or less every son and every nephew in France; therefore the hardship is after all a common one.

When the conversation was ended, poor Monsieur Richard begged his uncle's pardon for having dreamt of thwarting him, and promised he would do his best to get over his disappointment and accept his uncle's plans for him with fitting readiness and gratitude. Poor young man! The traces of the struggle were visible on his face, by its increased pallor, by the redness of his eyelids, and by a circle of dark blue that had hollowed itself under his eyes.

All was over. Monsieur Richard was to leave for Paris in a week, and next Thursday Mademoiselle Félicie was to be in possession of a dot that would enable her to become Madame de Champmorin.

But Destiny sometimes foils even the best calculators. When Thursday came, old Martin Prévost was lying at the foot of his great big iron safe, his face upon the floor, his two arms stretched out before him, and the back of his head beaten in by blows. The master of the strong box was murdered, the strong box was broken open, and all the ready money in bank notes and cash had disappeared. There had been what we call burglary, and what the French law terms "*vol avec effraction*."

THE ETHICS OF TRADES' UNIONS.

WHEN once a name becomes the subject of embittered political, and still more, of social controversy, it ceases to convey the impression it was originally intended to produce. Thus, a "trade's union" has long become the symbol, as it were, for systems and objects which, whether meritorious or otherwise, are entirely foreign to the original signification of the name. In the opinion of the large and influential class which looks at the subject exclusively from the capitalist's point of view, trades' unions are simply organised conspiracies against freedom of labour and the rights of capital; in the judgment of the working men themselves, and of that small, though not uninfluential, section of the public whose most outspoken advocate is Professor Beesly, these unions are organisations for the protection of the operative, for the defence of the just rights of labour against the oppression of capital. Holding neither of these views ourselves, we think we may do some service if we try to explain how the trade union question is regarded by men who neither dread nor worship the working classes, who believe that capitalists and operatives are equally desirous of promoting their own real or supposed interests, equally indifferent as to how the promotion of their own interests may affect those of others. In order to make our view intelligible we must first endeavour to explain the terms of the social problem with which the community has now to deal.

In its primary signification, a trade's union is neither more nor less than a voluntary association of men engaged in the same trade for mutual assistance and protection. It is, in fact, a mutual benefit society, such as exists in all countries, and among all classes of workmen, wherever the status of the working man has risen above that of the mere hind or serf. In all our agricultural districts, where the principle of co-operation for mutual defence is still practically unknown, these benefit societies flourish under the patronage of the clergy and gentry. Their chief functions are to provide medical assistance for their members when in sickness, to secure them a decent burial, and to give them a pretext for certain periodical festivities, at which a very large proportion of the funds of the association are spent on beer and banners. In fact, in a very humble and unsatisfactory manner these primitive rural trades' unions fulfil the same functions for the agricultural labourer as masonic lodges do for the wealthier classes. Without doubt, as education spreads, these associations will try to exercise an influence on the relations between rustic employers and labourers. When they do so, the only

certain result we can predict is, that their club feasts will no longer be held on the grounds of the Hall or Parsonage—will not, as at present, be assisted by the subscriptions of the farmers of the neighbourhood.

But though in towns and in manufacturing districts the "beneficent aspect," if we may coin such a term, has long ceased to be the most important one of trades' unions as institutions, they still retain a good deal of their original character, and, in virtue of such character, have a strong hold upon the affections, even of working men who disapprove of their policy in questions of capital and labour. It would, indeed, be eminently discreditable to the class if it were otherwise. No great amount of imaginative faculty is required to realise in some degree the sentiments which lead the mechanic or factory hand to associate himself with his fellows in some sort of society for mutual relief and assistance. The normal uncertainties of life, fluctuations of fortune, and vicissitudes of health, press with unusual severity, and even cruelty, on men who have to work literally, as well as generally, for their daily bread. In a certain sense, any man who has not a fixed income, independent of his own exertions, has to work for his daily livelihood. But the sense is a very different one from that in which the same remark may be predicated with regard to the handicraftsman. To almost all men raised above what are technically called the working classes, absolute, immediate want of food, or difficulty in providing for the wants of the ensuing week, or month, or year, are not among the ordinary casualties of existence. Most of us have certain funds laid by, or have good-wills, connections, stock-in-trade, on which, if employment fails us, we can raise temporary supplies, or, at the worst event, we have friends who will guard us against positive penury. But to the ordinary operative the possibility of being any day reduced to want must be constantly present. Causes over which he has no direct control—a commercial crisis, a falling off in the consumption of the article he is occupied in producing, the extravagance of his employers, or, above all, sudden sickness, may place him and his children, almost without notice, in a condition of distress, if not of misery. We are speaking now of what is, not of what ought to be. The working man has few savings; his hands are his sole stock-in-trade; his week's wages his sole capital; and if, from any cause, these fail him, he has nothing before him except the scant and bitter mercies of parish relief or casual charity. There is no good in inquiring here whether the condition of the working classes is not capable of improvement. We are dealing now with facts as we find them; and the facts being what they are, we say, without hesitation, that trades' unions, in their aspect of benefit societies, are a necessity for our working men,—institutions which, if they did not exist, must be invented to supply an imperative want. By the weekly subscriptions paid to these associations a fund

is raised, by means of which men out of work, through sickness or unavoidable calamity, are kept from the workhouse, and receive relief with no diminution of their self-respect. We would go further than this, and say that the feeling which prompts thousands of workmen, who, from superior prudence or ability, have no great idea of ever coming upon the union themselves, to still contribute out of their hard-earned wages to its funds, is, in itself, a very noble one. It is well men in any class should feel that they have obligations towards their weaker and less prosperous colleagues, and it might be better for society if classes higher placed in the social scale had an equally strong sense with the operative population, that they are bound to share each other's burdens.

It is easy to see how these organisations exercise, even without desiring it, a strong social influence upon their members. Every such body, by virtue of its existence, imposes a certain code of unwritten as well as written laws upon persons connected with it; and this code, though not perhaps a very elevated one in itself, serves to raise the average tone of the community. Every man who belongs to a club, whether that club is held in Pall Mall or in a pot-house, is compelled to show some deference to the opinions of his fellow-members. However vicious or corrupt his natural inclinations are, he thinks twice before he commits any outrage on moral or social laws which will subject him to the censure of the association to which he belongs. No doubt this influence may be exerted for evil as well as for good; men may grow to acknowledge no standards of right or wrong except those recognised by their own community, may learn to think the interests of that association paramount to every other consideration. This seems to have been the case at Sheffield; but in the elementary stage of trades' unions it is rarely, if ever, the case. That the members of a craft should stand by each other—that they should help each other in distress, and promote the general good of the craft, even at more or less of individual advantage—these may be said to be the fundamental maxims of all trades' unions; and, though capable of misapplication, they are most assuredly not evil in themselves. Probably the most perfect specimen of a trade's union in what we may call the non-aggressive phase of development, is to be found in the the association of solicitors, known as the Incorporated Law Society. Every attorney with any claim to respectability belongs to this body, which exercises a sort of lax control over the conduct of its members. Its avowed object is to keep up the character of the legal community, and any gross breach of recognised legal morality or etiquette is visited with expulsion from the association. No legal penalties of any kind are attached to the jurisdiction of this self-constituted tribunal; but still the expression of collective opinion conveyed by its censure exercises, in as far as it goes, a very wholesome influence upon the members—if they will excuse our so describing them—of

the law-mongering trade. Now even the most inveterate enemy of trades' unions would admit that if the sole influence exercised by these bodies was, as in the instance alluded to, of a moral character, there would be little to be urged against them. The *gravamen* of the charge under which they labour consists in the perfectly correct assumption that they use their influence for undesirable ends, and support it by unjustifiable means.

If we are to allow trades' unions at all, it is absurd to suppose they will not, in course of time, occupy themselves with questions concerning the relations between workmen and their employers. Even supposing that all such organisations were founded with the sole object of affording mutual assistance in cases of distress, it would be impossible that they should leave out of sight all consideration of the causes which lead to this distress. A member of an union is out of work and applies to the society for assistance. He admits—a fact patent to his fellow-members—that he *could* get work, but alleges that the wages offered him are insufficient, or that his employer insists on conditions he considers unjust to himself and to his mates. The union must obviously decide whether his reasons for refusing work are adequate to justify his consequent application for support from the pockets of his brother operatives. Again, a number of the assurers—for the members of a trade's union are nothing but mutual assurers—declare that certain practices on the part either of employers or of fellow-workmen are calculated to throw them out of employment, and thus to bring them upon the support of the society. Under such circumstances the union is not only entitled, but bound, to consider whether the practices in question really do produce the alleged result; and, if so, whether they should not be discouraged by such influences as the body can lawfully bring to bear upon its affiliated members. Thus it may easily be seen that, as soon as the members of a trade's union become sufficiently intelligent to conduct their affairs for themselves, they must necessarily form some sort of code for the regulation of the relations of the members to each other and to the purveyors of labour. In itself there is no more injustice in this than there is in the members of a Mutual Assurance Society declaring that a policy shall be vitiated by residence abroad, or that an extra premium should be charged to assurers who engage in pursuits attended with peril to life or health. When a man joins an insurance society, he consents to forego some part of the advantages he might attain if he laid by his premiums yearly and attained to a ripe age, in consideration of the advantage his family will reap if he dies early. In the same way, every man who agrees to join a trade's union, or any other co-operative association, knows that he sacrifices some portion of what he might gain if he remained independent and proved successful, in consideration of what he is to receive in case he does not succeed by his unassisted efforts.

Unfortunately it is impossible that questions concerning labour

should be discussed with the same calm judgment as questions relating solely to pecuniary speculations. It is not reasonable to expect that men should be wise, or generous, or just, in matters bearing on their own daily bread. When we condemn artisans for their greed and selfishness, we should in fairness remember the temptations under which they labour. We are all acquainted with the intense feelings of animosity entertained by members of his own profession towards any professional man who does anything to lower the remuneration of his craft; but, after all, if a barrister takes briefs directly from a client without the intervention of an attorney, or a doctor advertises that his fee is only half-a-crown a visit, or a solicitor undertakes to accept three-and-fourpence for advice, it is only indirectly and slowly that he injures the prospects of his professional brethren; he does not imperil their morrow's dinner or cut off the money for next week's rent. But any alteration in the price of wages comes home to the working man with a force and promptitude of which we are apt to lose sight. To the hundreds of thousands whose wages vary from fifteen to thirty shillings a week, a shilling less means no butter with the dry bread, or no meat for the Sunday's dinner, or no comforts for home, or no new clothes for children in rags, or no beer during the long day's toil, no pipe after work is over; it means the loss of some necessary of existence, or the deprivation of some of the luxuries of a life not too rich in pleasure. This truth ought surely to be remembered. No sensible man would assert that, because a fall in wages means want, and pinching, and distress, if not positive misery, to the working man, that, therefore, he has a right to "ratten" any one whose conduct he opines, rightly or wrongly, to be conducive to this fall; but we may allow, without morbid sentimentalism, that "rattening" would bear a somewhat different aspect in our eyes if we ourselves had to support a wife and family on a few shillings a week, and believed that a certain amount of coercion would hinder that pittance from being taken from us. The truth we desire to impress is illustrated by the old saying, that there is no arguing with an empty belly.

Thus we may take for granted, whether we like it or not, that trades' unions will concern themselves with all questions affecting the rates of wages, and that they will necessarily bring to the consideration a bias inconsistent with philosophical impartiality. Moreover, quite apart from their private interests, the theory on which all their actions are based is one which is not acknowledged, and, indeed, is hardly understood by the governing classes in this country. Our institutions, our social and political and national life, are substantially grounded on the dogma of free competition,—that is, upon the doctrine that the good of the community is promoted, on the whole, by allowing every individual member to seek his own advantage and try to underbid others, so long as he achieves his ends by legal methods. We have

learnt to regard this dogma as an axiom, and we resent any denial of its universal truth, as we should any assumption that two and two could, in any case, make five. But the working classes in England, and still more on the Continent, have never accepted this cardinal tenet of our politico-economical faith. Their theory, as far as they can express it articulately, is, that the good of the individual is, on the whole, promoted by preferring the corporate advantage of the class to that of each single unit. To take a very simple illustration. If there was a certain work to be done, for which a hundred pounds were to be paid in wages and a hundred men wanted employment, the ordinary operative would hold it was much better that every one of the hundred should receive his pound than that ten, by extra skill and energy, should each earn two pounds, and the ninety others should in consequence receive only some seventeen shillings and ninepence odd. We do not agree with the conclusion, but we would observe that it is held by many thousands of operatives whose own personal interests would lead them to desire unrestricted competition. In fact, there exists among mechanics a sort of solidarity,—to adopt a French phrase,—not found in other classes. The ambition to rise above their order is not, we think, very common amongst them. They are not—if, in these days, it is permitted to speak the truth about our artisans—a frugal or a prudent body of men. They work hard while they are about their work, labour as few hours as they can, eat and drink freely whenever they have the means, and are tolerably well contented so long as they can see the week's work and the week's wages provided for beforehand. We do not deny for one moment that there are numerous exceptions to the class as we have described it; but, roughly speaking, we believe this description to be a just one; and while it remains so, it can well be understood how to the ordinary working man it seems far more important to secure average comfort for his class than to obtain exceptional advantages for those who have more energy or ambition than their fellows.

And we are by no means prepared to say that trades' unions do not in some measure improve the average condition of the operative classes. No individual or class ever had unlimited power without abusing it; and if there were no unions the power of the capitalist over the working men would be well-nigh unlimited. What conceivable means of resistance would any single mechanic have if the manufacturer could say to him, "If you will not work on my terms, I can find a score who will?" But at present any single mechanic, however insignificant, can and does say to his employer, "If your terms are such as in the judgment of my fellow workmen are not fair, not only I will not do your work, but every member of the trade who belongs to my union will refuse to work also." The power of the unions may be, and has been, abused; but it is one that cannot well be dispensed with in any country where the demand for labour

is not greater than the supply. Practically the trades—we refer of course to those which require no great amount of skill—in which workmen are most independent and prosperous are those in which unions flourish, and this fact alone should make us hesitate before we condemn them utterly.

Holding these views, we should look with no ill favour on trades' unions, if they confined their interference with freedom of labour to their own body. It may be very undesirable that a workman should only be allowed to have a fixed number of apprentices, or should be debarred from working more than a stated number of hours, that he should be at liberty to do only certain kinds of work, that he should be subject, in short, to any one of the hundred restrictions which an union imposes on its members, with the view of maintaining a certain average rate of wages. But so long as the workman enters the association freely, and is only deterred from leaving it through fear of losing the advantages, practical or sentimental, of membership, it is not easy to see what ground there is for objection. If labour is free—if there is no moral law compelling men to do the maximum of work for the minimum of wages—any number of men have a right to determine the conditions under which they will give their services. The conditions may be foolish, but the right to make them is unquestionable. In the same way, we do not see how the right of the unions to dictate terms to the capitalist can be disputed, so long as the dictation is confined to a declaration, that non-compliance will be followed by the members of the union declining to work for him. Nothing can well be sillier than the arguments so solemnly put forward in authoritative journals, that workmen are committing an act of moral enormity in continuing to raise the price of labour, because the result of such combinations is supposed to be the gradual removal of certain branches of manufacture from England to the Continent. Of course, if the workmen *cannot* get higher wages by combination, the hypothetical enormity vanishes. If they *can* succeed in so doing, the reproach addressed to them amounts to this, that for the sake of benefiting the general prosperity of England, or of doing good to unborn generations of workmen who may choose to embrace their peculiar handicraft, they are to work say for a pound a-week when they could get a guinea for their labour,—that is, they are to sacrifice five per cent. of their income as a matter of duty, not even of patriotism or generosity.

In all moral questions it is not very hard to say generally, that some things are right and others are wrong; but it is well-nigh impossible to define exactly where the right ends or the wrong begins. Everybody, with the exception of a few fanatics on either side, would admit on the one hand that working men are justified in combining, and on the other are not justified in coercing. But when this postulate is granted, it is not at all easy to draw the line between

combination and coercion. For in almost every trade there is a large class of workmen who do not belong to unions. In the majority of instances the non-unionists are the inferior, the less successful, and the less provident class of workmen. It may be a fact to be deplored, but it is a fact, that intelligent, hard-working, and respectable mechanics do, as a rule, belong to the unions of their trades. It follows from this circumstance that the unionists consider themselves superior to the non-unionists, not altogether without just reason. Now, as we have before stated, the one agency through which these operative organisations can exert influence is through combined action. Hence, workmen who either do not belong to the union of their trade, or who refuse to accede to the resolutions decided on by the majority of the body, are the natural foes of unionism. If the United Tailors determine to strike, and there are a sufficient number of unaffiliated tailors ready and able to supply their place and do their work, the sole result of the strike will be to throw the United Tailors upon the parish. Thus if we are to have strikes or combinations at all we must accept the logical consequence, that the men combining will exert their utmost efforts to induce all outsiders to join in the combination. Admitting this, and recollecting that the working classes as a body believe, however erroneously, that combination is essential to the welfare if not the existence of their body, we can understand how they have come to consider coercion justifiable. That they do so consider it, is we fear indubitable. Ordinary men seldom push their views, whether political or theological, to their logical issue. Happily for humanity, Broadheads are rare in any class or age. But the principle on which the Sheffield unions acted is one which theoretically, we suspect, commends itself to the judgment of the working class. There are thousands of respectable Englishmen, who hold doctrines which would command the forcible conversion of Papists by fire and stake, and who yet would shrink with horror from the notion of seeing a human being tortured. And so we hope and trust that the vast majority of English mechanics would repel with indignation the notion that they could take part in blowing up and shooting fellow-workmen, who declined to obey the rules of the union. But we entertain no doubt that they would also hold that the recalcitrant workmen ought to be coerced for their own good. All the indignation meetings that have been held to repudiate complicity with Sheffield have protested against Broadhead's crimes, not against his principles; and we feel a strong conviction that no assemblage of bonâ fide English working men would honestly pass a resolution to the effect that any interference with the freedom of the individual workman was wrong and unjust in itself. After Baron Bramwell's charge, the working tailors will probably admit that the system or picketing is illegal, but very few, if any, will agree with the learned judge's assumption that the system was morally unjustifiable.

Thus we have to deal with the following peculiar state of things. The great majority of workmen belong to unions, and this majority comprises the chief intelligence and respectability of the class. The creed of these unions, however erroneous, is, that combination is essential to the welfare of the body; and that, therefore, every method which promotes co-operation, promotes a good end, even if the method be objectionable in itself. Moreover, among a very large section of the operative class,—how large we should hesitate to say,—a conviction prevails, that of two evils it is far better to resort to direct coercion than to impair to any material degree the power of the agency which, in their opinion, constitutes the sole safeguard and protection of labour against capital.

Now, in this paper we do not wish to enter in any way on the question of the comparative merits or demerits of the employer's and the employe's views of the relation between labour and capital. All we desire is to point out in some measure the principle upon which society should deal with existing facts, whether regrettable or otherwise. In an Utopian state it would, we think, be desirable not to have unions at all; and we should look with disfavour on every legislation tending to foster these organisations, which, even if justified by the circumstances of the time, are at the best a necessary evil. But, as practical men, living in a non-Utopian world, we can see no possibility of doing away with unions. Any attempts to suppress or even discountenance these associations by the force of law, would endear them more strongly to the working classes, and bestow upon them a vitality they do not now possess. In all human likelihood trades' unions will increase in numbers and influence with the gradual elevation of the class from which their constituents are derived; and under the extended suffrage introduced by the new Reform Bill, we may expect them to play an important part in politics. Under these circumstances, our solution of the problem with which the community has now to deal is, that trades' unions should be allowed every possible advantage and privilege that is accorded under our institutions to voluntary associations, while all attempts on their part to interfere with the liberty of the subject should be suppressed by the action of the law. We cordially agree with those persons who hold that the ends which these unions, as organisations for controlling the labour-market, have in view, are ends which it is undesirable to promote. But on the other hand, all such organisations, whether they proceed from masters or men, are equally objectionable in themselves. Nobody, for instance, could defend a "lock-out," except as a measure of self-defence. It is constantly the practice amongst employers, when they have entered on a dispute with their workmen, to discharge from their service men who have taken no part whatever in the dispute, simply and solely because by so doing an additional pressure is brought to bear on the original malcontents. Now we are

not prepared to say such a course of action may not be justified by the interests of the employers; but in itself it is as indefensible as any measure of legal coercion resorted to by the men. Unless, however, we are prepared to interfere with the liberty of the masters, we cannot contest their right to dismiss or engage whomsoever they please, on what terms they like; and in the same way, without interfering with the liberty of the men, we cannot curtail their right to work for whom they please, on whatsoever terms they think fit. Some years ago, within the knowledge of the writer, certain mining works were established in an agricultural district, where the wages of the labourers were, and we believe are, extremely low. The mining company offered wages somewhat above the current rates. Thereupon the farmers of the district met together and agreed amongst themselves that any labourer who accepted work at the mines should not have farm employment again, if he tried to obtain it. This resolution was made known, and in consequence the labourers were afraid to take work upon the mines. The speculation failed, owing in no small degree to the impossibility of getting labour from the neighbourhood, in consequence of this combination amongst the farmers; and the labourers were deprived of an opportunity of permanently bettering their condition. Now it is not easy to conceive a more selfish or arbitrary exercise of the power of combination; yet the coalition was perfectly legal, and the farmers legally, if not morally, were entitled to act as they did. Any attempt to lay down a law which could have prohibited such a coalition, would have been aimed at the free exercise of individual liberty. If the farmers of the district alluded to had had a deeper sense of what was due to others, or a keener insight into their own permanent, as opposed to their immediate, interests, they would have abstained from such an abuse of their legal rights. But beyond the gradual influence of education and enlightenment, no practical remedy can be suggested for similar abuses of their power, on the part of masters and employers.

According to the old proverb, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and we hold that the same latitude of action, even to the extent of wrong-doing, must be granted to the men as well as accorded to the masters. In the case we have referred to, all the employers of labour in the district combined together with an unanimity which could not have been exceeded by that of any trade's union. But it is conceivable that some of the body, more enlightened or more dependent on their labourers than their fellows, should have refused to accede to this coalition, and declared their readiness to re-employ the miners if they sought again for farm work. If this had been the case, the dissentient minority would doubtless have been exposed to a good deal of annoyance. Every attempt would have been made to induce them to reconsider their determination; in case of continued refusal to join the league, they would have been called traitors to their order, accused of not standing by their class; excluded probably

from the farmers' club, and generally sent to Coventry. That they should be so treated for doing what they considered their duty or interest, and what they had a complete and absolute right to do, would have been very unfair and unjust; but for this moral "tort" there would have existed no legal remedy. Farmers have a right to send any of their body to Coventry, and to expose him to all the vexations which, rightly or wrongly, attend any departure from the orthodox opinions and practice of the class to which the offender belongs. Supposing, however, the farmers had gone further, and attempted to coerce the dissentient minority into compliance by acts of violence, such as burning their ricks or maiming their horses, or turning cattle into their standing crops, and had perpetrated these acts of oppression through the agency of a secret organisation, then they would have been justly subject to any penalties the law could enforce against them.

Now it appears to us that this example exactly illustrates the limits within which society should deal with coalitions either of capital or labour. It is, and ought to be, perfectly lawful for men to combine either to raise or to keep down wages. Whether in such particular instance they are justified morally in so doing, is a matter which their own conscience must be left to decide. If we adopt this principle, we must accept its logical and practical consequences. Granted that workmen have a right to coalesce in order to exert a combined pressure on their employers, they have clearly a right to use every inducement to lead fellow-workmen who dissent from their views to join their coalition. Like the farmers, whom we have spoken of, they have a right to call the dissentient minority traitors to their order, to employ any language of reproach that is not legally actionable, to make the non-unionist as uncomfortable, morally, as they can; to send him, in fact, to Coventry. In so doing the workmen may be, and we hold are, acting most selfishly and unjustifiably; but they are not infringing the principle which we think should dictate our legislation. It may be urged that this sort of moral coercion is opposed to the spirit, if not to the actual letter, of the law regulating the right of combination. Whether this be so or not is a legal question which we do not wish to discuss. Our object is to point out what ought to be, not what is at present, the principle of our legislation. If masters, as we hold, have a perfect right to say that they will not allow an unionist to obtain employment within their factories or workshops, we cannot see with what pretence of justice unionists can be denied the right of refusing to work for employers who take non-unionists into their pay.

If our theory be correct, the maxims laid down by Baron Bramwell in the recent trials at the Old Bailey can only be taken as expounding the bearing of the law as it stands. The system of picketing is one of which no candid person can approve, but if workmen are to have

the same perfect liberty of action as other English citizens, we can hardly see how they are to be debarred from adopting such a system if they think it conducive to their interests. After all, it is not unlawful for any man to walk up and down a certain thoroughfare; it is not unlawful to follow another man about the streets; it is not unlawful to look unpleasantly at anybody you dislike; and, as far as we are aware, it is not unlawful to call a man a coward or a traitor to his order. To do so may be very ill-bred, or ill-natured, or un-Christian, but it is not illegal for ordinary people; and we require some reason to show us why it should be illegal for working men. If anybody molests or annoys us in the streets, or in our homes, we can appeal to the police to protect us if we have just cause; and the persons annoyed or molested by the pickets had exactly the same means of redress open to them. Of course it may be urged that the fear of incurring ill-will, if not the dread of worse consequences, hindered the victims of these annoyances from appealing to the protection of the law. We have no doubt that this is so, but yet we can see no help for this miscarriage of justice. Work-people who wish to work for low wages have no more especial claim to protection than any other class of artisans. In all instances in which it could be proved that terrorism had been exerted, we would have the offence punished with the utmost severity; but the law is not bound to provide exceptional securities for persons who decline appealing to the law to protect them against their wrongs. If it could be shown that in any case, similar to those tried at the Old Bailey, unionist workmen had committed an outrage upon a non-unionist which would have been a criminal offence if committed by any ordinary person upon another, then the offenders should be punished, but not, we think, otherwise.

Following the same principle, we arrive, though with some regret, at the conclusion, that trades' unions have a fair claim to the same privileges as we accord to other associations of a similar kind. One of the chief complaints of the men is, that they are unfairly treated, because their unions are not allowed any legal status. No thinking man, probably, not even Professor Beesly himself, would propose to give the unions any legal power of coercion. But as long as their members enter upon their engagements freely and with full knowledge of what they are doing, we do not see why these societies should not have legal protection for their corporate property, and power, if necessary, to sue in the civil courts for the non-performance of any contract entered into between the association and its members. A club may prosecute its secretary and servants for embezzlement, and sue its members for arrears; and we would treat a trade's union just as an ordinary club. By so doing, we should indeed give a certain sanction and position to trades' unions which they do not at present possess; but, on the other hand, we should deprive them of the allegation of being in any way under the ban of the law; we should destroy their sole pretext for

secrecy, and we should place them on a footing in which they could be reached by the ordinary methods of justice.

In fact, if we have made our meaning clear, we would treat unions as we would any other voluntary associations formed for purposes not illegal in themselves, and unionists as we should any other men engaged in pursuits not of a criminal character. And by adopting this principle we should be able to treat their crimes exactly as we do common crimes. Murder, arson, or assault, when perpetrated by an unionist, should be visited with the same penalty as attaches to these offences in our statutes. If there were no exceptional disabilities as at present lying on workmen when combining together, there could be no possible plea for regarding their crimes as less heinous than those of other criminals. The more the subject is considered, the more we think it will be found that there are only two courses open to us in dealing with trades' unions—we may either suppress them as illegal and immoral, or we may allow them the same full and complete liberties as we allow to other voluntary associations; that is, we must allow them to do whatever they like, so long as they do not break the law in any way. No exceptional legislation is practically possible, and any one acquainted, in however slight a degree, with the working classes, must be aware that to put down the unions by force would be to risk a social insurrection. Our only wise course, therefore, is to deal with workmen associated in unions as we do with other subjects of the realm engaged in lawful pursuits, and in so doing we shall, we believe, not only act justly, but prudently.

THE PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE TURF.

It is a truth older than Aristotle,—although he is the first known to have enunciated it,—that if you seek to estimate the propagandist influence and assimilative force of an imperial nation, you must trace them in the imitation, not of laws, institutions, and polity, but of social tastes, fashions, and public amusements which that nation is able to induce. As regards dress, furniture, repasts, tastes, architecture, literature, theatrical diversions, and public pastimes, Spain unquestionably set the fashion among civilised nations during the seventeenth, and France during the eighteenth century. If, as many think, England is now at the zenith of her power and greatness, where will the traces of her paramount influence upon the nineteenth century be sought by the Buckles of two centuries hence? Not so much in the imitation by other nations of our representative institutions, of trial by jury, of freedom of the press, or even in the wide diffusion of English books, as in the reproduction all over the world of some of our lighter social peculiarities, such as the chimney-pot hat, the late dinner hour, the conventional laws of English etiquette, and, most of all, in the contagious passion for our national pastimes, such as fox-hunting, cricket, and horse-racing. In regard to fox-hunting, the sport is of such a nature as to forbid its deterioration in or out of England by the fraud or dishonesty of its votaries. Fox-hunting, like Italy, *farà da se*,—will protect itself from harm. Much the same may be said of cricket, although occasionally whispers are heard, and especially in the county of Kent, that there is less of honest and manly love of the game for its own sake than of yore, and that “gate-money” possesses powerful and increasing attractions. But in regard to horse-racing, which in perhaps a more special manner than either of the others may be called our national pastime, there is a constant, and, as England becomes richer, an increasing danger that fraud and avarice will degrade a noble sport until it becomes unworthy the pursuit of an honest man. Between 1810 and 1830 the passion for pugilism was not less general or less ardent than the passion for the turf is among us to-day. And yet, when the impression became general that no man could bet upon a prize-fight without the risk of subsequently finding that the fight had been sold by one of the combatants, public favour drifted away from “the ring,” and the countenance of all people who retained any self-respect was withdrawn from

its support. Never, perhaps, has the turf been more heartily patronised in England by rich, powerful, and enthusiastic supporters than at this moment. The favour of the heir to the Crown is abundantly lavished upon the sport. For something like nine months of every year there is hardly a week in which Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, and Squires may not be found assembled upon racecourses throughout the length and breadth of the island. During the last two years her Majesty's and Mr. Blenkiron's yearlings,—at the two most important sales of young thorough-bred stock in England,—have realised prices unexampled in the annals of Hampton Court and Eltham. The Duke of Hamilton's bid of 2,500 guineas for the Lady Elcho colt in 1866 is unparalleled in the long list of sales over which Mr. Tattersall and his father have for half a century presided. There are 500 horses in training at Newmarket, and John Day has under his charge at Danebury such “a lot,” both as regards number and quality, as has never been excelled in the past history of any English trainer. Mr. Chaplin won upon the Derby of 1867 such a sum of money as leaves Mr. Merry, Sir Joseph Hawley, and all his other triumphant predecessors, far in the lurch. The number of thorough-bred foals born in these islands is steadily and constantly on the increase. To take the last three recorded years, 1,481 foals were born in 1862, 1,540 in 1863, and 1,567 in 1864. These, and many other signs of the times, may lead breeders of racing stock, and betting men in general, to conclude that the turf never was so prosperous,—that, as an institution, it was never more firmly rooted in the hearts of Englishmen. It is from no antipathy to the sport, from no other sentiment than a desire to minister to its perpetuity, that we whisper in the ear of the professional frequenters of Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket, that a worm is at the root of their favourite pursuit, and that, unless the men of influence among them shall exert themselves, the admitted abatement and increasing laxity of turf morality will culminate in the withdrawal from a racecourse of all men to whom honour or honesty are something more than a name.

It is our fixed and firm belief that the turf, as it existed from 1800 to 1850, was the noblest pastime in which any nation, ancient or modern, has ever indulged. In the eyes of the statesman or the philosopher it is an essential condition of public games or sports that the minds of the spectators should be as little as possible brutalised or vitiated by contemplating scenes of cruelty. If any man, intoxicated by the gorgeous strains of Pindar, imagines that the public sports of Greece were something much grander, more lofty, and more heroic than our Derby or St. Leger, let him be reminded that at the Olympian games,—celebrated at Olympia, in Elis, upon a plain girt upon the east and north by insurmountable mountains, and upon the south and west by the rivers Alpheus and Cladeus,—it was death by law to any woman who crossed either of the rivers to witness these contests. No

one who will take the trouble of studying the best modern * treatise upon the public games of Greece that has as yet been written, will have any reason to doubt that they were stained by acts of such cruelty and such indecency as to make the exclusion of women necessary and intelligible. The Romans in their *Ludi Circenses* went as far beyond their predecessors, the Greeks, in cruelty, as they fell short of them in refinement. In the Flavian Amphitheatre or Coliseum, the still existing ruins of which do more to attest the magnificence of the Rome of Titus and Domitian than any other building which time has spared, it was not unusual for hundreds and thousands of wild beasts to be massacred in a single day. Upon the consecration of this mighty amphitheatre by Titus, Suetonius tell us that five thousand wild beasts and four thousand tame animals were immolated; and in the games celebrated by Trajan,—one of the most humane of Rome's emperors,—after his victories over the Dacians, Dion Cassius narrates that not less than eleven thousand animals were slaughtered. Coarse and unrefined as were the Romans, no woman was allowed to take her seat in the Coliseum and look on at the games of the Circus from any other spot than the open gallery which ran round next to the sky, and which was removed hundreds of feet from the arena or stage upon which gladiators fought and lions were tortured. If Martial is to be credited, such scenes were witnessed in the Coliseum, in the days of Rome's degradation, as must have been revolting, not alone to modest women, but also to all men in whom any sense of decency survived. To come to more modern times, bear-baiting was unquestionably the most fashionable pastime of our ancestors during the reigns of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs. In his *History of England*, Lord Macaulay quotes passages from the diary of a Puritan, written in 1643, in which complaint is made that Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I., had returned to England from Holland, "bringing with her, besides a company of savage-like ruffians, a company of savage bears, to what purpose you may judge by the sequel. Those bears were left about Newark, and were brought into country towns constantly on the Lord's day to be baited, such is the religion those here related would settle amongst us; and if any went about to hinder or but speak against their damnable profanations, they were presently noted as Roundheads or Puritans, and sure to be plundered for it." In tracing the causes which led to the restoration of the monarchy, and to the recall of Charles II., Lord Macaulay records that nothing weighed so much with our ancestors as the unpopularity of the Puritans, occasioned by their austere repression of all public pastimes. "Against the lighter vices," to quote Macaulay's own words, "the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common-sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great down to the

* "Die Gymnastik und Agonistik der Hellenen." Krause, Leipsig. 1841.

wrestling matches and grinning matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the maypoles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. Rope-dancing, puppet-shows, bowls, horse-racing, were regarded with no friendly eye. But bear-baiting, then a favourite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries." If such were the pastimes of Englishmen during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it cannot be pretended that Spain, then the mistress of the world, was more scrupulous or more merciful than England. For in the sixteenth, no less than in the nineteenth century, the bull-fight was the great national fiesta of Spain; nor can it be doubted that the deterioration of the Spanish people is in no slight degree attributable to their passion for a spectacle which, itself the index and the stimulant of brutality, is more degrading to those who witness, than to those who take active part in it. "So long," said Richard Cobden, "as this continues to be the popular sport of high and low, so long will Spaniards be indifferent to human life, and have their civil contests marked with displays of cruelty which make men shudder."

We have glanced at the public sports of other nations, and of England in other times, with a view to establishing the assertion that horse-racing, as it existed in this island during the first half of the present century, was a noble and unexceptionable national pastime. There are few subjects upon which a painstaking man of letters might better expend his energy than upon the compilation of a narrative which should trace the rise, improvement, and perfection of the British racehorse, from the days when, about one hundred and seventy years ago, the ancestors of Childers and Eclipse were imported into England from the sands of Arabia, until the present time. It is less than two hundred years since the Duke of Newcastle and Sir John Fenwick,*—no mean authorities on such subjects in their own day,—pronounced that the meanest jade ever imported from Tangier would yield a finer progeny than could be expected from the best of our native breed. Accustomed as we now are to see emperors and kings, and foreign noblemen, and merchant princes from New York or Melbourne, flocking to London with a view to securing, at enormous prices, the best thorough-bred stock of England, it is hard for us to believe that, in the almanacks of 1684 and 1685, the native horses of these islands were valued, one with another, at not more than fifty shillings each. But interesting as would be an exhaustive treatise upon the racehorse from a competent hand, we would recommend no writer ever to attempt to moralise upon what may be called the *histoire inédite* of the turf. In the first place, the elevation of a community's purity was never yet effected either by Act of Parliament or

* *Vide* "The Duke of Newcastle on Horsemanship," and "Gentleman's Recreation. 1686."

by the pen of journalist or moralist. Secondly, it is idle for any writer to deal with such a subject as the gradual deterioration of turf integrity without a life-long familiarity with prominent actors in the scenes which he describes. In order to give vitality and truthfulness to his descriptions, it is necessary for him to mention names and dates, to cry aloud and spare not, to be precise in his particularisation of races, of horses, of jockeys, of trainers, and of owners. Much may be done by the vigilance of daily and weekly sporting papers to scotch malpractices; but no man who knows the turf can pretend to believe that any writer, whatever his authority, can be potential in killing them. Let any author, who is ambitious of lashing evil-doers upon a racecourse, be at the pains to read the "Essays on the Turf," published thirty years ago by Nimrod,—the best sporting writer that England has yet produced,—and let him thus learn, vicariously, his own impotence. But the great and essential difference between turf malpractices of to-day and those which Nimrod denounced is, that formerly noblemen and gentlemen, with few and rare exceptions, stood in little need of the lash of the censor. "Having seen the English turf reach its acme," wrote Nimrod in 1837, "I should be very sorry to witness its decline; but fall it must, if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Men of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they appear lately to have been lulled, and must separate themselves from unprincipled miscreants, who would elbow them off the ground which should be exclusively their own." Very different should be the language of the turf reformer of to-day. For, bewail it as we may, it is no longer possible to deny that the majority of noblemen and gentlemen who follow the turf as a profession lend themselves now-a-days to transactions such as most of their forefathers would have scorned. The turf is fashionable, richly patronised, and forms an apt and convenient *délassement* for the largest and wealthiest leisure class that any country, ancient or modern, ever boasted. Against such a pursuit, thus supported, it is idle for purists and scholars like Mr. Hughes and Professor Goldwin Smith to lift up their parable. "The devil," said Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden to his chaplain, who found him one day reading the Bible, "is very near at hand to those who are accountable to none but God for their actions." Many of the richest and most powerful patrons of the turf are secured, by the possession of great wealth and high social standing, from earthly accountability in no less degree than Gustavus Adolphus himself. Of what avail are the admonitions or suggestions of "Cato" or "Mentor" addressed to men of whom not more than five per cent. ever take in hand any other volume than the Racing Calendar or the Stud Book?

These remarks, therefore, are not written in the Quixotic expectation that they will be read by, or will influence that singularly heedless

and irresponsible section of the community which is generally known under the title of "the sporting fraternity." It is with a view of arresting the attention of thoughtful men in every class of life, who may themselves never have owned a racehorse, or been present at a race-meeting, that we desire to point out that the threatened decline and fall of the turf may be a real misfortune to England. It is an undoubted necessity that Englishmen should have a national pastime, capable of affording amusement to all classes, enacted in the open air, devoid of all taint of cruelty, and conducted, as far as possible, in accordance with the rules of fair play. Man is unquestionably a gambling animal, and the very energy which makes us strive to rise in life is twin-born brother to the spirit which makes men gamblers. We have done much in England to suppress such dens of iniquity as still flourish at Baden Baden and Homburg, and the only open gaming which exists among us is that which is enacted on racecourses. Nor is betting upon races an unmitigated evil,—least of all in the eyes of those who have seen *trente et quarante* played in Germany, *baccarat* in Paris, *monte* in Mexico, and *faro* in New York or Washington. Betting about the speed and endurance of a racehorse is unquestionably the noblest gambling in existence. Without betting there would be much fewer owners of racehorses in England; for it has been abundantly demonstrated, and by no one more clearly than by the late Lord George Bentinck, that it is impossible to make racehorses profitable, if taken one with another, unless their owner employs his knowledge of their capabilities, before they have appeared in public, by judicious backing. For these reasons let it not be supposed that it is our desire to write a diatribe against betting. That which we do desire to protest against is, that racing should be conducted,—as it is now,—not with betting as its *accessoire*, but with betting as its sole and only object and aim. It is against this that every true lover of the turf will join us in lifting up his voice, for it is incontestable that the "heavy plunging" of the present day will be fatal, not only to its perpetrators, but to the noble pastime which it degrades. With a view to a temperate statement of the inevitable tendencies of the heavy betting and short races now in vogue, and in the hope of awakening if possible the interest of thinking men who recognise the inherent merits and advantages of the turf, and who do not wish to see it relegated to the limbo whither steeple-chasing and the prize-ring have preceded it, these few remarks are offered for the consideration of those whom they may concern.

The dangers which threaten the turf seem to us two in number: I. The deterioration of the breed of racehorses: II. The deterioration of the owners of racehorses. Let us deal with them in the order of enumeration.

I. The thorough-bred English horse of the last half-century is as much the forced product of our high and artificial civilisation as is the

choicest textile fabric that Manchester or Belfast ever produced. The well-known "flyers," whose "portraits,"—to borrow the phraseology of the Newmarket artists of the last century,—adorn many a wall, and whose pedigrees and exploits are better known throughout the length and breadth of these islands than the names and deeds of our most eminent statesman, Lord Chancellor, or prelate, grew by slow and gradual improvement to the admitted perfection which they have long since attained. Like the wheat-plant which we imported from the East to enhance its productiveness one hundred-fold, like the Persian apple which Western Europe has converted into the peach, Voltigeur, West Australian, Stockwell, and their progenitors and descendants, are, in the main, exotic as to their origin, and have been raised to perfection by English culture. The oldest of our thorough-bred pedigrees that can be traced with accuracy ends in Cromwell's celebrated imported stallion named Place's White Turk. Charles II., himself a great patron of the racecourse, imported mares in abundance from Barbary, which figure as Royal Mares in our old stud-books until this day. Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, seems to have had no passion so well developed as his passion for the turf, with which he strongly inoculated his royal wife. The Curwen Bay Barb, the Byerley Turk, and the Darley Arabian made their appearance in this reign, and were followed, in the reign of George II., by the sire to whom we are indebted for England's best racing blood,—the celebrated Godolphin Arabian. Let any man study the pedigrees of eminent racehorses during the first half of the eighteenth century, and he will find that their sires or grandsires, their dams or grand-dams, were, without exception, of Eastern blood. Take at hazard the quaint "description" which is appended to the "portraits" of horses for which we are under obligations to John Cheney, the Fores of the middle of the last century. Here, for instance, is the text attached to—

"The portraiture of Childers, y^e fleetest horse that ever run at Newmarket, or (as generally believed) was ever bred in the world. From an original painting in the Duke of Devonshire's house at Newmarket.

"This surprising horse was bred by Leonard Childers, Esq., of Yorkshire, by whom when young he was disposed of to his Grace y^e late Duke of Devonshire. He was got by y^e Darley Arabian. His dam was called Betty Leeds. She was got by y^e late Marquess of Wharton's Careless, which was got by Spanker, a son of the Darcy Yellow Turk. Childers' grand-dam was got by the Leeds Arabian. His great-grand-dam was got by Spanker. His great-great-grand-dam was a natural Barb mare.

"Childers never run at any place but at New Market. He there, in April, 1721, beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8 stone 5 pounds, 4 miles, 500 guineas. In the succeeding October, he received forfeit,

500 guineas, of Speedwell. He beat y^e Earl of Drogheda's Chanter, 10 stone, 6 miles, 1,000 guineas. In y^e following November he received 100 guineas forfeit of y^e Earl of Godolphin's Bobsey; upon which he was taken out of keeping and has ever since been a stallion in possession of their Graces the late and present Dukes of Devonshire.

"Published this 21 day of June, 1740, by John Cheny."

In the above "description," there are three points to which we desire particularly to call notice. In the first place it will be remarked that upon both sides Childers's blood was Arabian or Turkish. Secondly, it will be remarked that, inasmuch as he was foaled in 1715, and ran for the first time at Newmarket in 1721, he was six years old when he made his first appearance. It is on record that before he figured as a racehorse he was long ridden by the Duke of Devonshire's groom in the hunting-field. Thirdly, let it be remarked that the two races upon which the tradition of his extraordinary fleetness is based, were, in one case, over four miles, in the other, over six miles of ground. We will reserve our application of these three points until hereafter.

We have not space to copy in full more than one other "description," which will disclose that the high stakes of the present day were not wholly unknown 150 years ago. "The portraiture of Fox, late the property of the Earl of Portmore," informs us that—

"This eminent horse was the property of Thos. Lister, Esq., of Yorkshire. He was got by Clumsey, which was got by Old Hautboy, bred by the Darcy family out of a Royal Mare, and got by the Darcy White Turk. Fox's dam was Bay Peg. Her grand-dam, Young Bald Peg, both bred by Mr. Leeds, and got by his Arabian. His great-grand-dam was called the old Morocco Mare. She was bred by the old Lord General Fairfax out of a foreign mare, and got by a Barb of his lordship's, called the Morocco Barb.

"Fox in 1719, then 5 years old, won the Lady's Plate at York, in the hands of Mr. Lister, who sold him to his Grace the late Duke of Rutland; in whose possession he beat the Duke of Wharton's Strippling at Newmarket. Upon the Duke's demise he was disposed of to William Cotton, Esq., of Sussex, in whose hands he won a 300 guineas prize at Quainton Meadow. Beat Lord Hillsborough's Witty Gelding in a match run (as reported) for near or full 20,000 pounds. Beat Lord Drogheda's Snip 3 matches for great sums; and was never beat until attended with disorders. He was the sire of many horses of high form, and died in 1788 at 23 years old: the property of the said Earl of Portmore."

It will be noticed, in addition to the magnitude of the sums for which matches were made early in the last century, that Fox's blood was on both sides Oriental, that he made his first appearance at five years old, and that all his victories were achieved over a distance of ground. From these two racehorses, Childers and Fox, which may

be regarded as representatives of their class between the years 1709, when the first races of which any record exists took place at Newmarket, and 1750, three general inferences may be drawn. First, that all our eminent racehorses in 1867, being the lineal descendants of Childers, Fox, Starling, Old Cartouch, and their contemporaries, owe their origin to Oriental dams and sires. Secondly, that during the last century, and especially during the first half of it, it was unusual for a racehorse to make his appearance in public at an earlier age than five years old. Thirdly, that it was an unheard-of thing for races to be run over a less distance than four miles of ground. In the eyes of our ancestors it seemed of little moment that a horse or mare should possess speed unless they also possessed what, in these quaint "descriptions," of which we have given two specimens, was called "goodness," or ability to stay. It is no unimportant matter to recall this fact at a moment when there is but one five-year old in England, Gomera, who can compete with three-year olds, at weight for age, over a cup course, and when there is not a single six-year old or aged horse in training who can hold his own in good company over the Beacon Course at Newmarket.

We have shown that the English thorough-bred of to-day is an exotic, and that he traces his pedigree up to Arabian, Turkish, or African dams and sires. Now nothing is more well established than that the characteristic excellence of Oriental horses was that, in addition to their speed, they possessed extraordinary powers of endurance. Few readers of Sir Walter Scott's "*Talisman*" will have forgotten the ride through the desert of Sir Kenneth of Scotland and the disguised Arabian physician, who was none other than Saladin the Soldan himself. The small party of Saracens by whom Sir Kenneth, half prisoner, half guest, was escorted, discerned, it will be remembered, at the distance of a mile or more, a dark object moving rapidly on the bosom of the desert, and which was recognised as a party of cavalry, much superior to the Saracens in numbers, and who proved to be Europeans in their full panoply. Flight was obviously a necessity for the Arabians, and in what manner it was put in practice had best be told in Sir Walter's words:—

"So saying, the Arabian physician threw his arm aloft, and uttered a loud and shrill cry, as a signal to those of his retinue, who instantly dispersed themselves over the face of the desert, in as many different directions as a chaplet of beads when the string is broken. Sir Kenneth had no time to note what ensued, for at the same time the Hakin seized the rein of his steed, and putting his own to its mettle, both sprung forward at once with the suddenness of light, and at a pitch of velocity which almost deprived the Scottish knight of the power of respiration, and left him absolutely incapable had he been desirous to have checked the career of his guide. Practised as Sir Kenneth was in horsemanship from his earliest youth, the speediest

horse he had ever mounted was a tortoise in comparison to those of the Arabian sage. They spurned the sand from behind them, they seemed to devour the desert before them, miles flew away with minutes, and yet their strength seemed unabated and their respiration as free as when they first started upon the wonderful race. The motion, too, as easy as it was swift, seemed more like flying through the air than riding on the earth. It was not until after an hour of this portentous motion, and when all human pursuit was far, far behind, that the Hakin at length relaxed his speed. 'These horses,' he said, 'are of the breed called the Winged, equal in speed to aught except the Borak of the Prophet. They are fed on the golden barley of Yemen, mixed with spices. Thou, Nazarene, art the first, save a true believer, that ever had beneath his loins one of this noble race, a gift of the Prophet himself to the blessed Ali, well called the Lion of God. Time lays his touches so lightly on these generous steeds that the mare on which thou sittest has seen five times five years pass over her, yet retains her pristine speed and vigour.' "

These words have been selected for quotation because, although extracted from a work of imagination, they are, like everything that Sir Walter Scott wrote, based upon truth. Nor would it be easy, within a shorter compass, to find a passage so indicative of the power of endurance, or, in other words, the ability to stay, possessed by the highest strain of Arabian horses. We shall, perhaps, be told, on the strength of certain trials of speed and endurance, enacted many years ago between English and Egyptian horses upon Egyptian soil, that the Arabian horse of to-day is immeasurably surpassed by the English racehorse. It might be answered that the last twenty years have greatly diminished the staying powers of the English thorough-bred, and that if we were now called upon to send twenty racehorses to the East, to gallop for ten miles across the desert against twenty Arabs, it would perplex us not a little, in spite of the five hundred horses in training at Newmarket, to get together a lot of twenty that would do credit to England. But the truer answer would be that, setting aside the superior advantages of training always possessed by the English horse, we have never yet come into competition with the finest blood of Arabia. It is only within the last few years, and especially since Burton and Palgrave have partially lifted the curtain which concealed Arabia from our view, that we have been admitted to any knowledge of that vast and mysterious province of the sun. We learn from Palgrave that the finest and purest Arabian horses are to be found, not in Egypt, or Persia, or Turkey, or Morocco, or Muscat, or Mesopotamia,—from all of which countries many so-called Arabian horses were imported into England during the last century,—but in the uplands of Nedjed, or Central Arabia. "Nedjed," says Palgrave, "is the true birthplace of the Arab steed, the primal type, the authentic model. Although their stature is somewhat low, they are so

exquisitely shaped that want of greater size seems hardly a defect. Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, 'go raving mad about it;' just a little saddle-backed, a head broad above and tapering down to a nose fine enough to drink from a pint pot; a most intelligent and yet singularly gentle look; full eye; sharp, thorn-like ear; legs that seem as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof; coat smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown or heavy. Nedjed horses are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed, in this latter quality, none come up to them. To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drink and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labour conjoined, under the burning Arabian sky, for forty-eight hours at a stretch, is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of this breed. Other Arab horses, with all their excellencies, are less elegant, nor do I remember having ever seen one among them free from some weak point. The genuine breed is to be met with only in Nedjed itself."

It is very possible that, by reason of the failure of the late Colonel Angerstein and others in their attempts to improve the English race-horse by going back again to Arabian sires, little heed will be given to these words of Palgrave. But it is an undoubted fact that the few Oriental sires imported into this country during the present century have had nothing to do with the purest strain of Arabian blood. The stallions given to William IV., and which stood during the fourth decade of this century at Hampton Court paddocks, were presents from Indian Imams. The Viceroys of Egypt, the Sultans of Turkey,* and the Emperors of Morocco, have, during the last half-century, not unfrequently presented horses to the Sovereigns of Western Europe; but they were not veritable Arabian, but African, or Turcoman horses. Colonel Angerstein was a private individual, not overburdened with wealth, and his Arabs were probably of that half-bred Arabian type from which English officers, who are familiar with the East, assert that English studs descend. A writer of much experience, speaking last year upon this subject, says:—"There is certainly considerable alteration in the structure of our English racehorse from his Arabian ancestor. I should say he was really more like the Toorkoman or Persian horse. His shoulders are not so well thrown back as the pure Arab's, his quarters more inclined to droop. My belief is that there has been some change in the last twenty years. This alteration of form gives a longer back, a longer

* "Eight magnificent thorough-bred Arabian horses have just arrived as a present from the Sultan of Turkey to the Emperor of Austria."—*Extract from Vienna Correspondent of Times Letter, in Times of Aug. 31, 1867.*

"The seven splendid Arab horses, sent as a present to her Majesty, have just arrived, in charge of Mouraffen Bey, at the Royal Stables, Buckingham Palace. Accompanying these were two others for the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Beaufort."—*Observer, Sept. 8, 1867.*

barrel, and perhaps greater appearance of length, but it is not so really. The structure is altered for the worse, the various parts are not so collocated as to act with advantage, and it is contrary to the form of his Arabian ancestor. It is no unfrequent thing to see short jumped-up, long-legged horses stripped on the course. I have recently seen with regret many more of that sort than I like. Many are coarse, weedy, and positively ugly."

If we assume as a fact incapable of denial, that within the last twenty years the stamina and staying powers of English racehorses have been manifestly on the decline, it seems not unprofitable at this moment to record, first, that we owe the excellence of our English breed to the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Arabian in a higher degree than to any other sires of the last century. Secondly, that all authorities agree in praising the endurance of the best Arabian horses even more than their speed. Thirdly, that within these last few months we have been taught by a traveller of unquestioned authority in what part of Arabia the purest and noblest strain of Arabs is to be found. There is,—we write it with regret,—but little probability that any English breeder of racehorses will have energy or enterprise sufficient to import a few sires and dams from Nedjed. The Royal Stud has for years been administered more with a view to obtaining a good average for the yearlings sold at Hampton Court than to repairing the faults in the blood, structure, and the endurance of the animal himself. Mr. Blenkiron breeds for fashion; and the importation of Arabian sires would be an experiment little likely to be productive of profit for six or eight years to come. There is nowhere in England what may be called a philosophical breeder of racehorses. If rumour be correct in stating that Lord Grosvenor is not indisposed to revive hereafter the traditional glories of the Eaton stud, it is possible that, in the event of his enterprise being equal to his wealth, he may think it not unworthy of him to endeavour to arrest the decadence of the English racehorse. But there is more probability that in North America and Australia,—those two young and exuberant nations of the future which we have inoculated with the virus of our English passion for horse-racing,—attention will within the next twenty years be given to this subject, and that the pur sang steed of Nedjed will sooner or later find his way to the burning prairies of the Mississippi valley, or be welcomed to Australian plains, scorched by a sun scarcely less fervid than the sol criador of his native Arabia.

The question whether our English strain of blood has deteriorated, and requires reinvigorating from the East, is, after all, a speculative question. We have stated at some length the reasons which induce us to think that during the last thirty years there has been too much in-and-in breeding amongst us, and that it could not but be advantageous to turn once more to the home of the Darley and Godolphin Arabians. But the deterioration in the stamina of the racehorse,

which has resulted from the short courses and two-year old racing now so much in vogue, is not a matter of speculation, but will be admitted by all who take any interest in the noble animal himself. Perhaps the best way of enforcing the lesson that colts and fillies, brought out to run ten, fifteen, or twenty times as two-year olds, are very rarely to be found in training at four and five years old, and are still more rarely stayers, will be by briefly reviewing the careers of a few modern horses, which stood training for several years, and were eminent for their staying powers. It will be seen that some of them made their first appearance as three-year olds,—others very late in the year as two-year olds,—but that in no instance did they run often during their first year. We submit it to the Jockey Club or to those who desire to win Ascot Vases and Goodwood Cups with horses four and five years old, that the inference to be drawn from the record of the past is irresistible and pregnant with warning. We shall limit our search to the last thirty-five years.

In the long annals of the turf no animal has ever appeared so often in public as Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, out of Alecto. Her first appearance was, as a three-year old, in the Oaks of 1833, won by Sir M. Wood's Vespa; in which Catherina failed to obtain a place. Her last race was at Hednesford, in 1841, and she was beaten. But between 1833 and 1841 she started no less than one hundred and seventy-one times. Without being a first-class animal, she was good enough to win seventy-five times, almost all her races being over a distance of ground, and many of them in heats. We come next to more celebrated, but not to stouter or sounder mares,—Beeswing and Alice Hawthorn. Beeswing came out as a two-year old at Newcastle, in June, 1835, and was not placed in the Tyro Stakes. Her second appearance in the same year was at Doncaster, where she won the Champagne Stakes; and her third and last appearance as a two-year old was at Richmond, where she won. From 1835 until 1842 inclusive, she started seventy-three times; her last appearance being at Doncaster, where, aged nine years, she won the cup by five lengths, beating Charles the Twelfth, aged six years, winner of the St. Leger and of two Goodwood Cups; and Attila, three years, winner of the Derby. It is not necessary to record her many other triumphs. Alice Hawthorn never ran at two years old. As a three-year old, she ran three times, at insignificant meetings, winning twice. In 1842, as a four-year old, she won the Chester Cup; and ran nine times. In 1843, aged five, she ran twenty-six times; and in 1844, aged six, she ran twenty-four times, winning, in both years, many great races, and among them the Ascot Vase and Goodwood Cup. In 1845, aged seven years, she ran nine times. Altogether she ran seventy-one times.

We have not space to dwell in detail upon other horses, famous for stoutness and soundness. Suffice it to say, that Sir R. Bulkeley's

Isaac came out as a five-year old in 1836, and ran till 1842, starting eighty-eight times; that Sir W. M. Stanley's Zohrab came out at three years old in 1838, and ran till 1841, starting eighty-six times; that Barney Bodkin ran once as a two-year old in 1832, and continued running till 1839, starting sixty-six times; that Lord Exeter's Bodice came out at three years old in 1834, and ran till October, 1839, starting sixty-three times; that Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway came out as a three-year old in 1837, and ran till the end of 1841, starting thirty-nine times; that Major Yarburgh's Charles the Twelfth first appeared as a three-year old in 1839, and ran till 1842, starting thirty times; that Lanercost first appeared as a three-year old in 1838, and ran till 1842, starting forty times. The list might be indefinitely extended. We have selected at hazard a few horses famous for stoutness, between the years 1830 and 1840. But although the number of stout four, five, and six-year olds decreases rapidly in the racing calendars between 1850 and 1866, there is one uniform feature noticeable throughout the series. It applies to Rataplan, Fisherman, and Moulsey,—the three horses which have started most frequently within the last dozen years,—and is, indeed, of universal applicability. *Not one horse in a thousand that runs eight or more races as a two-year old will be in training at four years old, or, if in training, will be able to stay as a four-year old over a cup course.*

Few are the students of racing-calendar literature who are aware how many of our historical racehorses, such as Bay Middleton, Amato, Glencoe, Plenipotentiary, Mundig, Mameluke, Bloomsbury, The Baron, Pyrrhus the First, Sir Tatton Sykes, Blair Athol, and countless others, made their debut in public after they had attained three years of age. To these names might be added a long list of famous horses, such as Touchstone, the Queen of Trumps, Voltigeur, Cossack, Wild Dayrell, and others, that ran but once as two-year olds. The career of Crucifix, whose first appearance was for the July Stakes in 1839, and her last for the Oaks, at Epsom, in 1840, and who started twelve times in eleven months without ever being beaten, is always sorrowfully pointed at by opponents of two-year old racing. "Surely," says Mr. George Tattersall, "that system of turf management and training cannot be good which forces a superior animal so much beyond her strength and sends her a cripple to the stud at three years old, sacrificed before she has reached the zenith of her age, by premature abuse of her great powers." What are we to say about the modern Crucifix, Achievement, who ran eleven times at two years old, and has to thank the exhaustion consequent upon powers overstrained at this early age for her defeat last year in the rich Middle Park Stakes, at Newmarket, and this year in the Oaks, at Epsom?

It may well be doubted whether our English racecourse will ever again see such mares as Beeswing and Alice Hawthorn, such horses as Lanercost or Harkaway. There is not a six-year old now in

training in England to whom any of these four could not at the same age have given a stone and a beating over the Beacon Course. But we have said enough to satisfy even the most thoughtless that the English racehorse of to-day cannot stay and stand training like the horses of the past. The last Derby winner that was in training at five years old was Teddington, and he won the Derby in 1851. Is it not high time for the Jockey Club to take these patent facts into consideration, and to debate whether the mischief is irremediable? We have not space here to offer suggestions or discuss remedies. Enough if we can get these facts generally recognised; for, in that case, profitable as it may be for gamblers to ruin colts and fillies by setting them to compete for a dozen or more two-year old races, we are not without hopes that, when some of the "heavy plungers" of the hour shall have passed away, a remedy will be found.

II. It is not our intention to touch otherwise than lightly and briefly upon the other and more formidable danger which bodes little good to the longevity of the turf,—that is to say, the serious deterioration in morale of the owners of racehorses. No one will suspect us of including in this sweeping censure all owners of racing studs. Happily for England, there are still upon the turf men,—not alone noblemen, baronets, and squires, but also some professional betting-men,—in regard to whom, as in regard to the late Lord Exeter, it is felt by the public that any horse that carries their colours upon a racecourse will run no less truly upon its merits than the needle points to the pole. Of them, as of the greatest jockey that England ever produced, it might be said that "it would be as easy to turn the sun from his course as Frank Buckle from the path of honour and duty." Far be it from us to mention their honourable names, or to reveal how short the list is. We have already offered to sporting writers our advice to confine their comments upon any turf malpractices which they may notice to the columns of the daily or weekly press. Essays upon turf morality, whether imbedded in the pages of a magazine or published independently, have never yet done any good. He who undertakes to write them should himself be "as holy as severe;" and cannot but be aware that *incedit per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. The ground upon which a turf censor treads is too delicate to be lightly trodden. Nevertheless we are not without hope that some of the younger patrons of the turf will look around them, and ask themselves whether the atmosphere which they now breathe upon a racecourse is the same that Lord Glasgow, Lord Zetland, and General Peel, the late Dukes of Richmond and Bedford, the late Lord Eglinton, and Admiral Harcourt, exhaled and respired five-and-twenty years ago. Is an atmosphere of elevation and purity compatible with a system of betting which lowers the dignity of those who pursue it into the dirt, and makes their transactions, their gains and losses, their pecuniary engagements, and all that honourable men love to regard as sacred,

the theme of every idle and malicious tongue? "There are men of education and high birth who are as much in the power of the betting fraternity and of the money-lender, as the unfortunate debtor was in the power of his aristocratic creditor at Rome." These are grave words. Would that we could indignantly deny their truth! The same contemporary writer proceeds to say, "A robbery on the turf is a very bad thing when it is designed by one man; but to find that it may be whispered in the ear of an English nobleman or gentleman, without repulsion and disgust, not unfrequently with partisanship and co-operation, is much worse." It has often been remarked that no nation, or no section of a nation, is ever cognisant of a decline in its own morality. The Romans under Julius Didianus thought themselves, says Gibbon, the equals of the Romans under Augustus. We are sometimes told that if horses are "pulled" now with the cognisance of men of birth and high position, there were Lord Darlington and others half a century ago who stuck at nothing,—that if racing accounts are badly settled now, it took a noble lord in the palmy days of 182—many months to pay up the huge sum of money which he lost on the Doncaster St. Leger. It is hardly necessary for us to answer that the men of rank and fortune who stooped to malpractices of yore, were as much an exception to the mass of their order as are the honest owners of horses the exception upon a racecourse of to-day,—that the delayed settlement in 182—, to which we have alluded, was the solitary default in a prolonged turf career. But there are other evidences of the diminished self-respect of many noble and gentle patrons of the turf, which cannot be noticed without regret and humiliation by thoughtful and reflective moralists. The racehorse, it would seem, is a more democratic leveller than Mr. Beales or Mr. Odgers; a greater disintegrator of aristocratic society than the railroad, or the penny press, or the Reform Bill itself, big with mysterious and inscrutable possibilities. That a young, raw, uneducated Yorkshire or Newmarket lad, who can ride seven stone, but who cannot pen a letter of which a milkmaid would not be ashamed, should be welcomed to the homes of dukes and marquises,—that he should be encouraged to smoke cigars, play billiards, and volunteer opinions without restraint in the presence of his betters of either sex,—is one of the saddest anomalies of our modern civilisation. The days are at hand when the people of England will pay little respect to men and women with handles to their names who do not respect themselves. Fashion, said Henry Fielding more than a century ago, can alone make and keep gambling sweet and wholesome. When it shall cease to be fashionable for men born in the purple to chat and smoke with jockeys and trainers, and to bet thousands and tens of thousands upon the speed and bottom of a racehorse, without any other means of paying, if the race goes against them, than the indulgence a money-lender shall afford,—then, and not till then, shall we expect to see the rehabilitation of the turf.

ON SOVEREIGNTY.

WE are told in Scripture that the people of God desired for themselves a king, and that they were grievously afflicted by a succession of kings who were, for the most part, bad,—given to cruelty and blood, tyrants who coveted and too often took to themselves the wives and wealth of their subjects,—and that thus the people of the Lord were punished for their desire to abandon the labours, the dangers, and the responsibilities of democratic action. For it seems to be thus and thus only that we can read the lesson taught us in the early history of the children of Abraham.

But the longing of the Israelites for a king seems to have been natural enough. If we may judge of them as we would of other nations,—not knowing or at all understanding how far the direct dealings of the Lord with this people should have made them specially capable of the responsibility of independence,—we may well imagine that the security to be derived from a supreme authority should have been felt by them to be beneficial. Little, we may suppose, was then said or thought among men of the glories of democratic rule. But property already had its charms, and the value of safety was appreciated. From those days to these in which we are now living some kind of sovereignty has been found to be indispensable by all nations. The necessity of placing in some specially selected hands the powers of executing the laws, has been acknowledged to be a necessity in all ages and in all countries. Whether the power of making the laws shall be placed in the same hands or in others, or whether the simple will of the owner of those hands shall in itself be law, has been a matter of controversy among nations. That controversy, carried on through ages, has become a science, to which we give the familiar name of politics, and from it there have sprung the three leading forms of sovereignty which are at present in use among the nations of the earth. That in each of these there are diverse branches,—branches so diverse as to make the one but little like the other,—is true;—but we may probably take with safety this division as sufficient, and declare that in treating of sovereignty we may class all sovereigns under one of these heads.

There is firstly the autocratic sovereign, whom we may perhaps call an Emperor, as the name of despot is unsavoury. With him the full sovereignty is supposed to rest in his own hands.

There is, secondly, the elected temporary sovereign of a so-called republic,—whom we may style President,—in whose hands also, for

the period of his rule, much of the political sovereignty of the nation is vested, if indeed all of it be not entrusted to him.

And there is, thirdly, the constitutional sovereign, whom we still delight to honour by the name of Monarch, and whom, that we may be easily understood, we will call simply a King. In his hands,—such at least is the intention of his subjects,—is placed no political power; but to him is confided the duty of choosing those who shall exercise political power,—with more or less of control exercised over him in the making of such choice. As, however, it has come to be perceived, that the choice of a political minister is in itself the very source and fountain of political power, control over that choice has become a necessary part of the third mode of sovereignty.

In discussing the various merits of these three forms of government we may perhaps fairly take France, and the United States, and England as our examples. It has been already admitted that in each form there are branches so diverse, that two of the same shall, perhaps, hardly be recognised by any lines of family likeness. The rule of the French Emperor and that of the Sultan are by no means the same in their nature. The Republics of the United States and of Mexico, are not in similar conditions. And the Crowns of England and of Prussia affect the people in very different degrees. But in each case the example selected may be taken, probably, more justly than any other, as showing the condition to which that special mode of sovereignty will, if successfully conducted, lead a great nation.

And here it may be well to observe that it is, and of necessity must be, the natural desire of all peoples to preserve and to honour, and to pay all legal obedience to the sovereigns of their choice. This assertion may at the first hearing seem to many to be incompatible with the disobedience and the rebellion which is always prevailing in some quarter of the civilised world. But rebellion is wrought either by the unjust or by the injured. If by the unjust,—then it is wrought in opposition to the people and not in their behalf, and is no sign of animosity from a people towards its sovereign. Such rebellions have rarely prevailed. If by the injured,—then we may say that the sovereign under whom injustice is done is no longer sovereign by the choice of his people. But as all sovereignties have been established simply for the weal of the nation, that life and property may be safe, that good laws may exist and have force, that the evils of anarchy may be avoided,—in short, that life may be a blessing and not a curse,—the source from whence that blessing is to come cannot but be dear to mankind. In fact, men have ever delighted to honour their sovereigns, expecting much, hoping much, bearing much, forgiving much. The wonder has been that they have so often continued to honour men who have been unworthy of any honour, and to obey men who have been unfit to receive obedience.

But mankind, when supporting the throne which they have esta-

blished, have also been desirous of exacting from their occupants the performance of those duties for the fulfilment of which the thrones are there. Men have wished to be governed justly;—have wished, at least, to be governed. With a dim unconscious acknowledgment of the difficulty of the task imposed upon their sovereigns, they have endured much, have feared to rush from evils which they knew to evils which they knew not, and have often borne all in despondence. Again, at other times they have risen against their thrones, saying that this must be altered, and that, because the safety and the gentle sweetness of life, expected under beneficent ruling, have not been forthcoming. And so it has gone on till men have come to understand that as all servants must do their allotted tasks, or quit the service of their masters, so also must it be with Emperors, with Presidents, and with Kings. A nation indeed cannot rid itself of an idle or an ill-doing king, as may a husbandman of a lazy ploughman, or a merchant of an incompetent clerk. The higher is the service, the more difficult must it be to change the servant. But that such change is within a nation's right, when the cause has arisen according to the nation's judgment, few subjects will now dispute. That such change is within a nation's power, few sovereigns will not acknowledge. A divine right to rule amiss is an idea which even the most loyal Russian qualifies by the occasional use of a rough escape from an evil so unbearable and so absurd. A divine right to rule amiss is a theory against which the intelligence of civilised nations has at length revolted, successfully and for ever.

All sovereignties have sprung from democracy;—but from democracy incapable in the infancy of nations of executing its own work and obtaining by its own powers that rule which it has desired. Other nations demanded kings, as did the Israelites, because in their ignorance and weakness they could find no safety without supreme power. Sovereignty has been the refuge of democracy in its infancy, and has been the nurse which has fostered the child. History, indeed, does not make the understanding of this easy to us. When we remember what deeds have been done by rulers, how for ages the people of this nation and of that have lain in the hands of despots, and have been used as the goods and chattels of tyrants, it is hard to acknowledge that these despots and tyrants have been the children of democracy. Things have gone astray, there has been lack of foresight and want of wisdom, and the science of sovereignty has been one difficult to learn. When we find how far we are still astray we cannot but think that the world is yet young, and is even now only learning its lesson. But it has progressed so far, that we find it to be at length understood in all great nations,—in all nations as they become great,—that the form of sovereignty to be used is to be one dependent altogether on the will of the people, that it is to be changed when the desire of the people for such change is expressed

with sufficient clearness, and that except by the will of the people no sovereignty can exist. The lesson is being learned that the sovereign, let him be of this class or of that, is the servant of the people, and that it is the duty of a people to see that it is duly served.

And as sovereignties have all sprung from the will of the people, so are they all tending to and producing the direct government of men by themselves,—which is the very essence of democracy. If this could be understood by men,—by men who desire that at least their portion of the world should be governed in peace and safety, the word democracy would not be held in that contempt which is now attached to it, nor would the theory be regarded with that fear which is felt for it. The sovereignty in England, as it now exists, can be thoroughly and loyally supported by none but democrats; nor can the occupant of the throne trust to any form of governance or fashion of ruling but that of democracy. Nevertheless, the name has become odious,—even to those who are themselves the chosen ministers of democracy, and the resolute protectors of democratic rule. If there were another word sufficient to serve the purpose, we would use it,—but there is none other that would not be a poor makeshift, and a sign of cowardice, if here adopted. But we will make protest that true democracy may be most zealous in the support of a throne, and that here, in England, it is so, expecting simply in return that the duties attached to the throne shall be performed according to the covenant existing between the throne and the people.

The sovereignty of the autocrat has been placed first on our list under the conviction that that form of sovereignty is in use among people whose progress towards perfect government has been the least;—for it is better to advance from the lower to the higher than to have to descend and march backwards. And here let us pause a moment to assert that in so speaking of the sovereignties of autocrats there is no intention to sneer at them as being inferior in their uses to the half-fledged institutions of ill-ruled republics, or to the worn-out governments of ill-ruled kingdoms. No one will presume to say that the position of a Frenchman under his Emperor is inferior to that of a citizen of Guatemala or of Venezuela. But, as we have ventured to divide all sovereignties into three classes, and to select as an example of each that nation which seems to be best ruled in its own class, the comparison to be made will be between the best of each. A rope is as strong only as its weakest part; but it will be acknowledged that any form of government is as strong as it is found to be when seen at its best. The doctrine that autocratic sovereignty is adopted by people whose advance in the science of governing has been the least, is quite compatible with the superiority of a great empire to a poor republic.

It is so easy to be governed by an autocrat, as it is easy to be ruled as a child, or to live under a religion, if one's powers of

believing will permit it, which is capable of prescribing exact duties and which dispenses with the need of thought! If only the autocrat be wise, be just, be strong enough; if he see far enough, if he be a loving lord, beneficent, wholly unselfish, diligent, watchful, knowing all that his people want, understanding not only their desires but their interests; if he be merciful, tender, careful of his subjects as a mother is of her children, and with power to make such care of constant service, how well it would be to live under such a lord! But there is only one Lord such as this, and He is in heaven. And it is clearly His will that here among ourselves we should rule ourselves, so that by our own actions and our own workings we may at length become men such as He would have us to be.

Mankind in their search after sovereigns,—for sovereigns who should relieve their subjects of the grievous burden of self-government,—have ever looked for some such Emperor as this. But, alas! the Emperors that they have found have, for the most part, been of another sort. But still men have been found who have ruled with strong will and powerful hands, doing much of that which has been required of them. And hence, there has come much ease, and, perhaps, some comfort. Men have been enabled to live as children,—being also scourged as children are scourged. And they who have ruled them have too often been masters, not parents,—masters of that dishonest sort whose minds are given to their own profit rather than to the welfare of those entrusted to their care.

But still men have had their wish and have been ruled. And there has been so much of satisfaction in the simplicity of autocratic government that nations still cling to it, thinking it to be, of all governments, the easiest. And there are nations who, having once assumed the privilege of self-rule, have returned to the rule of an autocratic sovereign, either from deliberate choice, or from idleness and weakness in the work of democracy. France has so returned; and, without attempting to show whether this return has been produced by deliberate choice or by idleness and weakness, we will look for a moment at her position, and at the position which an emperor of the French must assume.

The material progress of France under the present Empire has been so great, that no man with eyes to see or ears to hear can deny it. We are told that Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. The same praise may be given to Napoleon III.,—not only as regards Paris, but as regards almost all France. And there has been order in his time, under which trade has flourished, and France, for the time, has become wealthy. To us, who are deeply in love with self-government, it seems passing strange that so great a people should submit themselves to the will of one man; but when we perceive, and acknowledge, as we are bound to do, how greatly the prestige of the nation has been increased under this rule, we can hardly wonder

that they also should be in love with their Empire. And we must remember that it has sprung, by no unnatural birth, from their often expressed desire for equality. A cry was made for Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. Of liberty the Frenchman finds that he has, at any rate, so much that he can live nearly as he lists while he obeys the laws. That fraternity is to be produced by no form of government, he is by this time aware. But under the Empire, equality of a certain nature has been achieved. In order to obtain this he is willing to acknowledge one superior, and to regard as a part of that great One the counsellors, the generals, the favourites, the parasites, and the creatures with which a one so great must of necessity be encumbered. Under the Emperor and his court all men are equal,—and thus one of the fondest dreams of democracy is, after a fashion, fulfilled. Many an American will tell you, being much in the dark as to liberty, caring nothing for fraternity, but revering equality in his very soul, that the present government of France is of all governments the best, because equality has been attained. Under this government no subject is greater than another, and there is, at any rate, ease for an obedient people.

But there is no ease for an Emperor, nor can there be assured safety. The charioteer who takes the reins of such an Empire in his hands must be prepared to perform himself the laborious work of driving, and must be the first to undergo the perils of the road. And he must acknowledge to himself also that when he ceases to perform his task, he must cease to be Emperor. As to this or that special act he may disregard the voice of his subjects, but he can hold his seat only on the condition that he does regard that will in the general. Subjects are long-suffering, but there is an end to their forbearance, and when they are taught to look to one superior in all matters of public interest, to expect from him national glory and national prosperity, they will not rest contented unless they receive that which they expect. We are now speaking specially of France, where no one is so well aware of the truth of this doctrine as the Emperor himself; but, in a rough manner, and with much absence of precision, the same doctrine has made itself good in all despotisms. And it is the Emperor in person who must be able to see what it is that his people desire. He must never sleep, must never rest. His great business must mix itself in all his pleasures, must direct his magnificence, must regulate his hospitalities, must command his hours. He may never be vacant, he may hardly be ill; it is seldom that he can abdicate, and the only privilege left him is to die. A people have chosen that he shall do for them the work with which they will not trouble themselves, and he has no escape from the burden. An Emperor may have ministers to assist him, but he can have no minister to relieve him of the personal responsibility of his acts. All that his government does, is done by him; and in all that his government sins, he himself is the sinner. He is powerful, he is magnificent,—

and he may be vicious, and the patron of vice in those around him, if such be his taste. He may possibly be a patriot, and be happy in the glory and prosperity of his people. If there be for him any consolation, it is in these things that he must find it.

For the people of an empire this might be well, if the turning of Rome from bricks to marble were sufficient recompense for the loss of that self-esteem which attaches itself always and in all things to self-rule. Rome when it became marble was an empire already tending to decay, because the power of turning brick into marble was placed in the hands of one man. Augustus made Rome magnificent, but the history of the successors of Augustus is the story of a string of beasts on their way to the slaughter-house. Such was their history because it is more human for a man so tempted to seek consolation in the allurements of personal honour, of magnificence, and of vice, than to devote his days and nights to the terrible responsibilities and unceasing labours of single-handed government for the sake of a subject people.

Our second form of government is that which we call republican, in which there has in latter times been generally adopted the use of a sovereign, or president, elected for a term of years. This has been specially the case in that most successful of all modern republics, the United States of America. And in speaking of the President of the United States we must beg our readers to put away from their minds,—or at any rate to understand us as desiring that they should put away from their minds,—any idea they may have entertained that this President is not a sovereign. It is easy to change a name, and it is easy to keep a name. We have kept the titles of monarch and sovereign as well as king, though no Englishman dreams that the occupant of our throne governs alone. The Americans have taken for their chief of the State the name of President; but all who understand aught of the constitution of the States know that the so-called President does much more than preside over the government of the nation. He is, in fact, the very government himself, almost as thoroughly as is the Emperor of the French the very government in France. It is somewhat difficult to speak on this matter now, as there is, at this very moment, coming a change upon the position of the Executive of the United States which will make that to be untrue to-morrow which was true yesterday. But this is true at any rate of to-day, and of the constitution of the United States as still existing, that, in all matters of the Executive, the President is held to be supreme. He cannot change the laws, nor can he have them changed,—as is within the compass of the power of the Emperor of the French. Nor can he override the laws,—as may any despotic emperor. Nor can he be efficacious to the making of new laws,—as are the ministers of the throne with us. But under the laws, and in obedience to the laws, the President of the States is

in truth a monarch. He rules, and he is responsible for ruling. If there be fault, it is he that is guilty; if there be disgrace, it is he that has disgraced his country. If success be achieved and glory accrue, the credit, for a time at least, is given personally to him. Such being the nature of the government in the United States, it is essentially necessary that the President of the Union should be a working man; a man with views of his own on all political subjects with which his country is concerned; one who, so to say, can lead a party and promote the political views of that portion of his countrymen who have been able by the majority of their votes to place him in the position which he holds. The President must thus perform not only those duties which in this country are held as appertaining to the Crown,—as far as the performance of such duties are needed in his country,—but must also occupy the position which among us is held by the first Minister of the Crown. And he also resembles a despotic sovereign in this, that he himself must govern his people.

The evil of this position, and the antidote to the evil,—and again the evil of the antidote, are apparent. The head of an empire,—such as is the Emperor of the French,—is at any rate intended to be permanent. As regards the supreme rule, there is under an Emperor's sovereignty no question of parties. In the United States no such permanence is intended. The Constitution has been framed with the purpose of giving to the people the power of being governed as they,—the people,—may at any time choose to be governed. The intention is so with them, as it is with us; but with them there is no constitutional power of changing a President as there is with us of changing a minister. Let what changes may come, either in the will of the people, or in the policy of the governor, or,—as is perhaps more probable,—let the people have been ever so much mistaken in their ideas of the political tendencies and aptitudes of the man whom they have selected, there he is and there he must remain for the allotted period of his rule, holding the reins and the real power of government in his hands, even though the whole people of his country be opposed to him. At this moment, not for the first time since the United States formed their Constitution, the President is in direct antagonism with both Houses of Congress. This antagonism is in itself evidence of no want of wisdom, of vigilance, or of fidelity on his part. As a minister with us is bound to have his own political views, and to act in accordance with them, so also is the President of the United States. With us the minister retires at once when these views are not in accordance with the will of the people;—but in the States the President cannot retire. He may incur the contumely of his people, and the political pugnacity of both Houses of Congress. He may be threatened from day to day with impeachment, he may be subjected to the hostility of the whole press of his country, but he must remain in his place till the term of his service is over.

and he may be vicious, and the patron of vice in those around him, if such be his taste. He may possibly be a patriot, and be happy in the glory and prosperity of his people. If there be for him any consolation, it is in these things that he must find it.

For the people of an empire this might be well, if the turning of Rome from bricks to marble were sufficient recompense for the loss of that self-esteem which attaches itself always and in all things to self-rule. Rome when it became marble was an empire already tending to decay, because the power of turning brick into marble was placed in the hands of one man. Augustus made Rome magnificent, but the history of the successors of Augustus is the story of a string of beasts on their way to the slaughter-house. Such was their history because it is more human for a man so tempted to seek consolation in the allurements of personal honour, of magnificence, and of vice, than to devote his days and nights to the terrible responsibilities and unceasing labours of single-handed government for the sake of a subject people.

Our second form of government is that which we call republican, in which there has in latter times been generally adopted the use of a sovereign, or president, elected for a term of years. This has been specially the case in that most successful of all modern republics, the United States of America. And in speaking of the President of the United States we must beg our readers to put away from their minds,—or at any rate to understand us as desiring that they should put away from their minds,—any idea they may have entertained that this President is not a sovereign. It is easy to change a name, and it is easy to keep a name. We have kept the titles of monarch and sovereign as well as king, though no Englishman dreams that the occupant of our throne governs alone. The Americans have taken for their chief of the State the name of President; but all who understand aught of the constitution of the States know that the so-called President does much more than preside over the government of the nation. He is, in fact, the very government himself, almost as thoroughly as is the Emperor of the French the very government in France. It is somewhat difficult to speak on this matter now, as there is, at this very moment, coming a change upon the position of the Executive of the United States which will make that to be untrue to-morrow which was true yesterday. But this is true at any rate to-day, and of the constitution of the United States as still existing, that, in all matters of the Executive, the President is held to be supreme. He cannot change the laws, nor can he have them changed,—as is within the compass of the power of the Emperor of the French. Nor can he override the laws,—as may any despotic emperor. Nor can he be efficacious to the making of new laws,—as are the ministers of the throne with us. But under the laws, and in obedience to the laws, the President of the States is

in truth a monarch. He rules, and he is responsible for ruling. If there be fault, it is he that is guilty; if there be disgrace, it is he that has disgraced his country. If success be achieved and glory accrue, the credit, for a time at least, is given personally to him. Such being the nature of the government in the United States, it is essentially necessary that the President of the Union should be a working man; a man with views of his own on all political subjects with which his country is concerned; one who, so to say, can lead a party and promote the political views of that portion of his countrymen who have been able by the majority of their votes to place him in the position which he holds. The President must thus perform not only those duties which in this country are held as appertaining to the Crown,—as far as the performance of such duties are needed in his country,—but must also occupy the position which among us is held by the first Minister of the Crown. And he also resembles a despotic sovereign in this, that he himself must govern his people.

The evil of this position, and the antidote to the evil,—and again the evil of the antidote, are apparent. The head of an empire,—such as is the Emperor of the French,—is at any rate intended to be permanent. As regards the supreme rule, there is under an Emperor's sovereignty no question of parties. In the United States no such permanence is intended. The Constitution has been framed with the purpose of giving to the people the power of being governed as they,—the people,—may at any time choose to be governed. The intention is so with them, as it is with us; but with them there is no constitutional power of changing a President as there is with us of changing a minister. Let what changes may come, either in the will of the people, or in the policy of the governor, or,—as is perhaps more probable,—let the people have been ever so much mistaken in their ideas of the political tendencies and aptitudes of the man whom they have selected, there he is and there he must remain for the allotted period of his rule, holding the reins and the real power of government in his hands, even though the whole people of his country be opposed to him. At this moment, not for the first time since the United States formed their Constitution, the President is in direct antagonism with both Houses of Congress. This antagonism is in itself evidence of no want of wisdom, of vigilance, or of fidelity on his part. As a minister with us is bound to have his own political views, and to act in accordance with them, so also is the President of the United States. With us the minister retires at once when these views are not in accordance with the will of the people;—but in the States the President cannot retire. He may incur the contumely of his people, and the political pugnacity of both Houses of Congress. He may be threatened from day to day with impeachment, he may be subjected to the hostility of the whole press of his country, but he must remain in his place till the term of his service is over.

It cannot be denied that this is an evil,—an evil so great that at the present moment men who are looking on with friendly eyes at the political throes of the country, can hardly see how the ruling of the nation can be carried on without such breaches of the Constitution as will make that much-loved document little better than a dead parchment. The remedy adopted for the curing of this evil,—for a state of things which, without a remedy, was foreseen to be evil by the framers of the Constitution,—was to be found in the short duration of the President's term of office. He is elected for four years,—so that no prolonged period of opposition between him and his people can be possible. This has been the antidote; and when the nation was younger and smaller, when politics were not predominant in men's minds as they are now, when the subjects for variance were not so great or felt to be so important, the four years sufficed. But as thoughts and feelings and passions advance at present, four years is an eternity in politics. Let us think how our people and our Parliament could endure a minister insured in power for four years. The President of the United States is intended to represent the very essence of democracy; but, in truth, such an officer of State, in the position to which the political circumstances of his country have brought him, is the outcome of a form of government very much less democratic than that which is in vogue with ourselves.

Of the position of the President of a Republic we may say,—of such a Republic as that of the United States,—that no high place in the world is apparently less blessed to the holder of it. When we look back at the roll of the names of the men who have ruled in Washington since the time in which the nation was making its grand and early efforts, what do we learn? The men who have been selected to govern their country have toiled without rest, or ease, or any of the sweet pleasures of life, for their four years of political ascendancy, and then have sunk into obscurity almost without a niche in history. Washington and Jefferson and the Adamses were the leaders of a young nation, and as such are known to fame. But with the exception of Jackson, who was a strong man, and of Lincoln, who was murdered in his glory, who knows aught of their successors? What ideas do we connect with the names of Van Buren, and Harrison, and Tyler, and Polk, and Taylor, and Fillmore, and Peirce, and Buchanan? And yet these men for the most part did their duty gallantly by their country. On the whole we cannot think that the election of a President for four years is a form of sovereignty good for the people; and we certainly think that it is one very far from good for him who is elected.

We now turn to that mode of sovereignty which we in England have adopted, and which we call constitutional. In accordance with the theory of this form, though we have a king at the head of affairs, the governance of the nation is entrusted to the people themselves; and the ministers selected for purposes of government, though they are

nominated by the sovereign, are so nominated under the direct control of the people. It is easy to see at a glance that the lines which bound this special class of sovereignty cannot be laid down with the precision of which the two other great classes admit. The idea of an empire ruled by one man is clearly and rapidly conceived. The mind, indeed, is struck with wonder when it attempts to realise the amount of labour which must be thrown on that man's back if he really performs his task; but, given the man, and the plan of government is simple enough. And again the position of a Republican President, such as we have endeavoured to describe it to be, is comparatively simple and defined. Every educated citizen of the United States understands the terms on which the President rules for his period of sovereignty; and almost all their citizens are educated. The exact conditions and the boundaries in the latter case have been written; while in the former they are manifest, and require no writing. But with us the sovereignty is a thing so complex that grey-headed statesmen who have spent their years in the political guidance of our sovereigns still differ as to its proportions and purposes. Its clearest rules are traditional rather than written, and, though traditional, have continued to change from year to year since England had a king, down we may say to the present day. When we attempt to describe the intricacies of our sovereignty to foreigners, we find it almost impossible to succeed. The Frenchman, who loves political simplicity, abhors a constitutional monarchy and disbelieves in it. The American will declare that we hug our chains when we speak of our throne. A Swiss will tell an Englishman, with a proud boast, that the Swiss are free because they have no king. Even the Prussian and the Italian who are successfully striving to achieve what we have achieved, do not yet understand the grand rule,—that a king can do no wrong.

But here we are writing to Englishmen, and may hope to be understood. Do Englishmen understand the meaning of that rule which is so often in their mouths, and which is certainly true in accordance with the existing theory of our Constitution?

The maxim that the king can do no wrong may perhaps with propriety be termed the fundamental rule of constitutional monarchy;—not that it can at present be said to have been matured in any monarchy but our own; not that in our own it has in fact been a rule of long standing;—but that it contains the essence of the theory on which such sovereignty is based. There shall be no ground for quarrel between the people and the throne on matters of policy and government, and therefore in such matters the throne shall have neither power nor responsibility. The words can have no other meaning; but such meaning as that at once reconciles a free people to the institution of a throne, and renders possible the construction of a sovereignty that is compatible at all points with democracy.

The words if used with any other conception are absurd. He who can do aught, can do wrong,—and must be responsible for the wrong he does, be he Emperor, or President, or King. The occupant of our throne can do no political wrong, because that which he does he does always, and in all circumstances, in strict accordance with the advice of others, and for the giving of that advice those others are responsible.

The blessings of a sovereignty so constituted have come to us very slowly. They must necessarily have come slowly. An institution so intricate in its arrangements could not have been produced ready made by any brain; nor could a sovereign be found to sit upon a throne on such terms without much schooling, either in his own person, or more effectually in the persons of his predecessors. It is natural that a man called a monarch should wish to govern. It was needful too that the king should govern, at least partly govern, till the theory was complete. And, again, it was natural that successive kings when called upon to resign the privilege of governing should resign that privilege with regret. We all know how the contest for this power was carried on in our own country; how blood was shed, and a king was killed; and how for a time the people thought that such sovereignty as that now established was impossible;—how with the innate love for a king which seems to spring naturally in the heart of every Englishman, the country restored the throne, and how the fight went on. There were two things to be gained,—that there should be a throne occupied by an hereditary sovereign, and that the occupant of the throne should be politically powerless. We have gained them both; but no historian can put his finger on the day, and mark the spot, and say then and there the victory was perfect. In 1801 Pitt threw up his ministry because the king would not consent to release the Roman Catholics of Ireland from political disabilities, but even Pitt did not understand that the king's resistance was unconstitutional. George IV. struggled,—but struggled so weakly that the ministers of the day hardly regarded his efforts. In 1832, we find that William IV. was consulted about the Reform Bill; and though we feel that he understood thoroughly the wisdom and necessity of complying with the will of the people, still the history of that time will speak of a great political change for making which the king's personal consent was needed. No one has as yet hinted in reference to the new Reform Bill, by which household suffrage has just now been given to us, that the present occupant of the throne was consulted as to the expedience of adopting it. We do not presume to guess at the manner in which ministers tender their advice to the sovereign; but we are sure that a minister would be guilty of a grave offence against both the throne and the people who should attempt to throw upon the sovereign that responsibility,—that capability of doing wrong,—which is inseparable

from a personal effort, from a personal opinion,—nay, almost from a personal bias.

We read much in our history of the so-called prerogatives of the sovereign, and find that one after another these prerogatives of the sovereign have mostly disappeared. All have in fact been annulled in which anything of political power was adherent. No one dreams now that the sovereign could dissolve Parliament, or declare war. The judges of the land, if any case on such questions could come before them, would say that in accordance with the law it is clearly within the power of the sovereign to do either; but there are none so ignorant as not to know that practically such steps can be taken only by the ministers of the throne, who are responsible to Parliament and to the people.

The irresponsibility of the throne in political matters, the fact that the throne can do no political wrong, is perhaps best shown by the incapability of the sovereign to be politically inconsistent. Everybody knows that Acts of Parliament require for their ratification the consent of King, Lords, and Commons; and that any Act passed to-day may be repealed to-morrow. But though an Act were passed to-day and repealed to-morrow, and passed again the next day, no one would think of twitting the sovereign with inconsistency. It might be said that Parliament did not know its own mind, or that the people were in doubt. There would be strong evidence that the subject was one on which the minds of men were vacillating. But though the change were made twenty times in as many sessions under the same sovereign, no one would say that the sovereign had vacillated.

We may, perhaps, best express our idea of the position of a constitutional sovereign by comparing the edifice of our constitution to that of a beautiful church. When Americans have spoken to us of the throne of England as being the source of political power and action, we have often asked them to look at Salisbury Cathedral, and to say what the building would be if it were suddenly deprived of its tower and spire. Ichabod! The glory of the house would be gone! The men of Wiltshire would no longer have a cathedral in which to take pride, and the pleasant little city would have lost its attraction in the eyes of all the world. But yet the church would stand and be as strong. It does not rest upon its apex. The real work for which it was built is not done within those beautiful but narrow confines. But from the tower comes that peal of bells which calls the people to the worship they love, and the spire was built that it might be seen from afar off, and recognised as the symbol in those parts of the religion of the country. So we think is it with such a sovereignty as that which we possess.

The throne of England is divested of political action and of political responsibility, but not on that account is it divested of all action and all responsibility. The duties of the sovereign are arduous, and

demand, for their due performance, care, patience, self-denial, erudition, hospitality, and patriotism; and if left unperformed, cannot be so left without danger to the throne, disgrace to its occupant, and injury to the people. Thus, a maxim which declares that the Sovereign of England can do no wrong, and which we have ventured to call the grand rule of Constitutional Sovereignty, cannot be taken by any reasonable being as implying that the highest officer of State is incapable of omitting duties,—that he is either above or below the power of transgressing in his office. If there be any who so think, they must regard their sovereign either as a god,—or as an idol of clay, a Nebuchadnezzar's image, a King Log. That the maxim has a deep, nay, an all-important meaning, we have endeavoured to show. It is to be applied to political government, and to all matters of real ruling, either as regards the working or the execution of laws; but it does not apply to these duties, for the performance of which we look to the sovereign himself. Those duties cannot be neglected without wrong done, and such wrong done cannot be passed without penalties.

It is the first duty of the sovereign to preside over, and indeed to create and fashion that court which is regarded much by ourselves, and much more by other nations, as being the tangible symbol and visible evidence of the greatness and magnificence of the country. Such an empire as that of the United States, which has been constructed on lines of republican simplicity, may, at any rate for many years, dispense with such outward signs. Where there are no blue ribbons and no knights to wear them, no graduated ranks of dukes, earls, and barons, no nobility whose greatness is regarded as at any rate equal to that of the nobles of other countries, there is needed no court magnificence to which the magnificence of all others shall be subordinated. But with us, though we claim that our democracy is, in regard to political power, further extended and more pure than that to be found in any other great nation, all the appurages of nobility not only exist, but live with so strong a life that they show no sign of decay. These things here in England are felt to be useful, and are popular; and for their sustentation and due control the splendour of a court is needed. But the splendour of a court demands a chief, and that very chieftainship is laborious when the court is vast in its magnificence, as it is and must be with us. A Grand Duke of Pumpernichel may shoot boars throughout the winter, and play the fiddle all the summer,—and no harm done; but he may do so because the exigencies of the court of Pumpernichel are limited.

A sovereign with us cannot be dreaded;—but he should be loved, and to be loved he should be seen. It is hardly too much to say that every Englishman and Englishwoman who sees the occupant of the throne, becomes, by that very fact of seeing, a friend to the sovereign. And there are two classes by whom the sovereign should be seen,—the few who can come to him, and once at least in their lives stand face

to face with him, and signify their loyalty by their personal presence ; and the many among whom the sovereign must go in order that thus he may be subject to the eyes of the multitude. Here alone is a great duty, which can hardly but be neglected if the boar-shooting be perpetual, and if the bow of the royal violin is never at rest. A British sovereign who would grudge his presence among his people, or curtail their right to testify their loyalty before him, would certainly neglect his duty. At Pumpnichel the Grand Duke may be seen by all in a day, and yet never intermit in his passion for the chase and the music-score. Doubtless it may be wearisome to sit for many hours, for many days, receiving strings of maidens with lace trains, files of gentlemen somewhat awkward with their swords ;—but who is there, blessed with work to do, so blessed as to find that his work never palls on him ? That privacy is sweet and publicity irksome, is a fact recognised by all men whose time has become public property. To go where many eyes may see one, and to be seen by many, to be called on to acknowledge the greetings of crowds, to be restrained from the delight of unlaborious thought and familiar prattle, to sit, as it were, with the sceptre heavy in the hand, and the crown galling the brow, must be labour indeed ; but here, in England, we may boast that the labourer is not left without his reward. We have said that for the performance of these duties care is wanted, and patience, and self-denial. If we have been so far right in describing the task imposed on royalty, we need hardly add more words to prove that these virtues are needed for its performance.

And as it is required that a sovereign in England should be free in his intercourse with his own subjects, so also is it necessary that he should be magnificent in his reception of those who may come to him from other courts. We have said that erudition and hospitality are among the attributes necessary for the performance of royal duties. A king with us should be able to speak in many languages, because it will become his duty to consort with the princes and nobles of other lands. We were told the other day that the Sultan, when he visited us, needed an interpreter for every word. Were we told the same of a sovereign of our own upon his travels, would not every Englishman feel himself to be disgraced ? And a king with us should love that Arab virtue, without which, indeed, no strong feeling of social regard can be created or maintained. To sit at your friend's table, to break his bread, to eat his salt, to drink of his cup, is the very essence of friendship. The world has felt it to be so since the earliest days from which it has sent us a history, or even a tradition. Since Joseph ordered the rich mess for Benjamin, it has been so. It was shown to be so when our Saviour sat at supper with his disciples. A stray philosopher here and there has striven to make us believe that social intercourse should look down on animal wants ; but such stray philosophers have had no success. In all countries, and among all

people, "Come and dine with me," is the surest shibboleth of opening friendship. "Stay and sleep, and eat your breakfast," makes the bond the stronger. Private men may, indeed, divorce themselves from the social joy of the salt-cellar, and may do so without neglect of duty. We pity, but do not blame, the man who never bids his friend to sit opposite to him at his board. But with a sovereign it is not so. Such divorce with him would be a divorce, not from pleasure simply, and therefore be cause for no blame,—but would be a divorce from duty, and a ground for deep censure.

That patriotism is a virtue required in all sovereigns will readily be admitted. But as there are different classes of sovereigns, so are there different classes of patriotism fit for differing sovereigns. We all understand the patriarchal patriotism of the despot who speaks and thinks of his country, his people, the glory of his arms, and the greatness of his rule,—as though country, people, arms, and rule were all his very own, to do with them as he pleases. That which we have in our hand, and call our own, we all love. Every man regards even the dog that follows at his heels and is subject to his smallest word. But such patriotism as that, if it be patriotism, is not fitted for a British Sovereign. And we can understand that love of a citizen for his country which a President of a Republic should feel, perhaps, more strongly than other citizens. He is among his brother citizens the first, and is bound to have the welfare of his country specially at heart. But his patriotism is of the same nature with that of other citizens. It is compatible with personal ambition, with desire for change, with political criticism, and with political effort. Nay; if it be genuine it cannot exist without those attributes of action. But the patriotism of a constitutional sovereign must differ from both. It must be a patriotism of self-denial, trusting as much as loving, willing to submit itself to the wisdom of its subjects, accepting the legally expressed wishes of the nation as genuine laws for its own guidance, and conscious of the fact that as loyalty is due from the people to the throne, so is concession due from the sovereign to the people.

We have ventured to say that the duties of sovereignty cannot be neglected without the payment of penalties. As much may probably be said as to all duties and the neglect of them. The higher is the service to be performed, the more distant, the less evident, but still not the less sure, will be the punishment inflicted, if the service be not done. It is easy to dismiss a negligent clerk, but it is not so easy to be rid of a negligent Secretary of State. Of an ill-doing sovereign, or of a sovereign who will do nothing, a nation cannot divest itself without a revolution. With us, kings are so popular and revolutions so unpopular, that, as the throne now stands, we may almost say that nothing that a sovereign could do,—nothing certainly that he could omit to do,—would cause his people to depose him. But not

the less surely would the punishment come, in diminished loyalty, in waning affection, in necessary rebuke, in stern opposition,—which embitters the lives of the great with a severity which those who are humble can never be called upon to feel,—and, lastly, with that undying evil name which every evil prince must dread. To be born and to come to the throne as the *bien aimé*, and then to go out and be extinguished with the regret of none, amidst the contempt of all! To look forward as old age comes on to such a fate as this! To have to be written of in history as being altogether unworthy of that part in a nation's record which the chance of birth has made a necessity! Surely this is punishment heavy enough; but it is the punishment that comes when it is deserved.

The duties of a constitutional sovereign as we have attempted to describe them are not easy, but they are possible. They may, with care, be fulfilled. So much can hardly be said of the duties either of an Emperor or of a President. To rule a great nation in all things and to rule it fitly is beyond the power of any one man. To do so would require Divine attributes. And the position of an elected President is such that he can hardly hope to remain in unison with his people and his Congress. But there is nothing beyond the scope of human effort imposed by us on our sovereigns; and in return we give a security that has never yet been equalled in regard to any human throne, a splendour which has never been surpassed in its reality, a tranquillity which refutes the proverb as to the necessary aching of the head that wears a crown, and a popularity which makes the grand old Hungarian declaration, the "*moriamur pro rege nostro Mariâ Teresâ*," the expression of the simple feeling of every British subject. There is no seat for King or Emperor, for Cæsar, Sultan, or for reigning Duke, like to it, nor ever has been, since thrones and dominions were first established on the earth.

TASTE.

THE word "Taste" is so equivocal,—signifying partly a sensation and partly a critical discrimination,—that it is not easy to define its full meaning; but though people talk of "good taste" and "bad taste," we purpose to treat of it in the former sense alone, and simply term it,—the thorough appreciation of what is true and beautiful,—and a corresponding dislike of the reverse. For Taste is the product both of feeling and of judgment, and the mere fact of pleasurable emotions being excited by certain objects in nature, or qualities in art, is no evidence of its presence, unless those pleasures are healthy and beneficial. Were taste only the product of feeling, it would be simply an instinct, whereas experience proves that it is more than partially an acquired faculty—needing not only a natural delicacy, but also a discrimination which experience alone can give. Nor does it spring from reason alone, which is but an essential ingredient, to prevent the errors of feeling. Having, moreover, its foundation in the natural love for truth and beauty, it is not liable to change, though it may suffer local depreciation in the overthrow of national prosperity; for, unlike fashion, its dictates are not founded on the mere caprice of the moment, but on a standard erected by the accumulated strength of previous reason and judgment in their highest state of perfection.

Taste selects what is "true and beautiful," and though there may be a diversity of opinion as to what merits the appellation, there can be no doubt that whatever is repugnant to health or comfort must be wrong, and no majority can make it, even for a moment, right, as is the case with regard to the dictates of fashion. For though it has often been asserted that "taste is not to be disputed," the proverb has originated rather in the known prejudices of body or mind than from the dictates of reason; and though it is perfectly true that there are persons who could never acquire a taste for certain articles of food, or for particular qualities in Art,—in either case, the question is one simply of perfect organisation or health; even as some people have no relish for music, owing to a defect in the auricular construction. On the other hand, without agreeing in the decision of "majorities," if we were to investigate the real causes of a man's likes or dislikes, we should find that there is an instinct,—however unreasonable,—which is not to be lightly considered because it may be opposed to the opinions of the educated few. For instance; if a picture be not intelligible to the multitude, whatever may be its

"artistic" qualities, it can never be an instrument for satisfying a natural feeling, but simply for gratifying an acquired desire; and though, as we have already observed, reason and judgment are required to prevent the errors of feeling, yet if the former thoroughly ignores the latter, the result is simply prejudice, and not taste.

Joy is not dependent on taste, but its character is much enhanced by the presence of the latter, and though the pleasure felt by one man in hearing "My pretty Se-usan, don't say no," may be quite equal to the delight produced in another by the performance of Beethoven's "Adelaida," the quality of the pleasure must be estimated by that of the emotions it excites. So, of the pleasure given by a Greuze or a Titian; a "sensational drama" or Shakespeare's *Othello*. In this respect familiarity breeds anything but contempt; and even our appreciation of personal beauty depends almost entirely on the particular forms with which we are intimate. But, though an African may prefer a woman of the Mongolian type to a European, his predilection arises from his very ignorance of other forms with which he might draw a comparison, and the novelty, however exciting, is too abrupt to win immediate admiration. Yet, surely, the fair skin of the European, showing the play of life underneath, must be pronounced more beautiful than that of the Mongolian, owing to its greater sensitiveness in betraying the softest emotions of the inner heart. And even if an African were asked to choose from a bank of flowers that one which pleased him most for its colour, whatever prejudice he may have for a black face, he would assuredly select a blossom of a brighter hue. The elements of beauty in form and colour are grace, delicacy, variety, strength, and repose; but the grace must be free from affectation, the delicacy from weakness, the variety from eccentricity, the strength from coarseness, and the repose from inanity.

The thorough appreciation of natural beauty depends chiefly on feeling, and that of artistic excellence on discrimination. We place music apart,—that most ethereal Art, requiring such a special organisation for its perception that a just estimate of its deepest beauties can never be arrived at through such means as lead us to distinguish the relative qualities in poetry and painting. Even as regards natural beauty, custom materially affects the formation of taste; we become attached to places and things, and are thereby blind to their defects. But this liking or disliking is merely sentiment, and not taste, inasmuch as the result has been produced without reason or reflection to influence our decision; and such prejudice is the greatest enemy of taste.

Our mental progress is so subject to outward influences which momentarily retard it, by leading us to diverge from the straight path, that we must naturally commit many errors before we can arrive at a correct estimate of the various qualities in Art,—mistaking prettiness

for beauty, garishness for brilliancy, labour for completeness, bombast for eloquence, dexterity for power, and even falsehood for truth. Especially fatal is the habit of accepting the excellence of the means as the achievement of the end. We talk of one man having a genius for drawing, another for colour; this musician for melody, and that one for harmony; one writer for imagination, and another for poetic diction; forgetting that genius is a heaven-born power of utterance, the perfection of which is shown in the attainment of the end, and not in a mere display of the means.

The pleasure with which we hail the presence of Realism in Art, is but childish wonder, and little flattering to our reason. The discovery of photography has done much to produce this result, and its influence has not been confined to painting, but has equally affected literature, music, and the drama; and the attempt at a close imitation of the features of nature, at a proportionate loss of its character, has been pernicious to all. The painter has laboured over the minutest blades of grass, the poet or novelist over the objects of a scene, the musician has ignored the high powers of his Art in his endeavours to assimilate vocal utterance to common language, and the dramatic author has sought to win, not unsuccessfully, the applause of the audience by the introduction of real objects on the stage, such as a hansom cab or a pump with real water, rather than by the strength of his plot, or the beauty of his language. The success attending such paltry devices is not indicative of real progress. If the painting and poetry "of the future" is to resemble in character that particular music of the present to which the term has been so impudently applied, posterity is by no means to be envied. When we read such praises bestowed on some clever and popular artists as would scarcely be exceeded in speaking of Shakespeare, Titian, or Mozart, we feel inclined to cry out: "These be your gods, O Israel! behold, they are but stone and wood, and their effulgence is but a tinselled surface." But liberally as the appellation of greatness has been bestowed on the successful labourers in the rising fields of Art, on none has it been more foolishly and unworthily awarded than on the musical composers of the present day. Great musicians, indeed! Real greatness is more rare in music than in any other Art, though its ranks are the most crowded. Great authors and painters we may reckon by the score, but at most only three or four really great musicians; and of all, whatever their profession, we may equally say that, in the presence of their works, we forget the Art employed, and are impressed with a belief that whatever may be the means of utterance, there are some few men sent from heaven to teach us something nobler and more exalting than the mere gratification of mortal desires. Ofttimes a fatal gift, for alas! the celestial fire, unless when stirred in hardest matter, has consumed many of its possessors before manhood has fully been attained.

Of all the causes which materially affect the progress of Art and the formation of taste, popularity is not the least powerful. Though gifted with the highest reasoning power, man shows his affinity to other animals by his indolent following of whatever for the moment is accepted by the many; and if our social, as our future political position is to be under the government of "majorities," the prospect is not captivating. It could be easily proved by a reference to many recent works in literature, art, and music, which have attained a wide popularity, that such a result has not arisen from any greatness of aim in the artist, but solely from an endeavour to excite those feelings which, being the most common, are the most easily aroused. Immersed in our worldly pursuits, in our brief moments of relaxation we for the most part seek to be merely amused; and of those two caterers for public estimation, he who strives to amuse, and he who seeks to instruct his audience, the former will ever be the more popular. But peace of mind is a more healthy state than excitement, nor is loud laughter a sign of the truest happiness;—and so we may estimate the greatness of a work of Art by the particular nature of the emotions it excites. For such feelings as love, charity, veneration, progressing even unto very holiness, are more worthy to be kindled by the literary or artistic preacher than are the wonders aroused by a display of skill, or the laughter excited by sparkling wit. Not that laughter is unholy;—far from it, and a sorry time it would be if human life ever realised that morbid thought of the poet; namely, "Man must work and woman must weep."—Yes, "man," indeed, "must work," for therein shall he find his chief pleasure; and in proportion as his labour contributes to the welfare and happiness of his fellow-creatures shall his work be pronounced great; and, on the contrary, that work shall be regarded as unprofitable which is carried on solely for the purpose of selfish gratification. So far right. But that woman of necessity must weep, could only have been uttered in a strange and momentary forgetfulness of her high destiny. Partner in the joys of man, and the soother of his sorrows, his good genius in health, and his very angel in sickness,—indirectly the maker of his fortunes,—so long as woman obeys the purest instincts of her nature, she need not envy the lot of any man, whatever may be his social position. And though, with a pardonable egotism, and possibly some slight shade of justice, man claims to be lord of the creation, yet, happily, not only is his rule divided, but in the silent wisdom of his heart he gratefully acknowledges the supreme sway of a sovereign mistress, whose counsels, though at times sweetly selfish, he knows well are ever directed with a view to promote his own happiness and welfare.

Allusion has been made to the fallacy of supposing that taste is not to be disputed, and the consequent impossibility of fixing a standard of excellence in Art, or even of natural beauty. But though as regards the

latter, such may be partially the case with respect to the human face, wherein the appreciation is chiefly the effect of national prejudice, yet it will be found that the term "beautiful" will ever be applied by the people of any nation to that shape in the familiar type of features which is not singular in its character, being neither too large nor too small, too curved or too straight, but possessing that golden mean which is most satisfactory to the eye, and in which perfect fitness is best embodied. And this fitness reveals itself more in the expression than in the mere form. The soul peers through the features, and, moreover, imperceptibly moulds their shape, subject to material influences which it cannot wholly control. As a spring, rushing from its source, is forced to shape its course by the nature of the impediments it meets, yet its actual character chiefly depends on the fulness of its hidden force; so expression, though partially affected by the shape of the features, depends upon the character of the feelings which animate it; and thus real beauty is revealed,—not in the colour of the eye or the curve of the mouth, but in the love-kindled light of the former and the peace-breathing smile of the latter, both eloquently interpreting the fulness of the hidden soul.

Nor less erroneous is the maxim that taste in Art is not to be defined; for though minds are differently affected by the representation of joy, sorrow, love, fear, or any other human feeling, yet even as in nature we can easily discriminate between real joy or sorrow, and forced laughter and tears, so in Art we can learn to distinguish the true from the false representation, whether the error be the result of insipidity or of exaggeration; and the more we employ our faculties in acquiring such knowledge, the more likely are we all to converge, though by different routes, to one point, and accept, as the sole standard of excellence in taste, the appreciation of truth, simple and pure.

Not the least perturbing influence in the attainment of taste is the restless desire for the presence of novelty in every art; therefore it is absolutely necessary to estimate its embodiments by their approximation to the true and simple character of nature; for the mind is apt to forget its proper duties if the eye or ear is captivated by some peculiarity of treatment hitherto unknown; and in our natural dislike of what is commonplace, we are prone to forget that the more rationally a subject is treated, and the less the author strays from the path of simplicity, the greater is his genius:—while of true genius eccentricity is no symbol. The highest genius is ever imbued with the largest amount of common-sense; and they err who would link it with waywardness or spasmodic effort. The history of human error should particularly lead us to beware of mere novelty; and the distrust of that specious quality will ever increase in proportion as reason influences the judgment. This is why people who have arrived at manhood are often accused of cynicism, for not appreciating those things which excite the enthusiastic admiration of the young; whereas

this critical and doubting spirit is more often the result of greater experience. Moreover, as the probability of the duration of life becomes more uncertain, we lose the desire to run after novelty, in the hope of therein finding fresh pleasures,—rather keeping to those truths which have ever been a source of pure delight. But it would be folly, on this account, to close our eyes at pictures which do not reach the excellence of Raffaele or Titian, to avoid the perusal of works which are not equal to Homer or Shakespeare, or to shut our ears against all music which does not approach the beauty and grandeur of Mozart and Beethoven. For the literary or artistic preacher, if he have any beneficial influence, must obtain it by supplying the worthiest wants of the age he lives in; and his eloquence, to be effective, must be appreciable to the intelligence of his audience. Nor does this admiration of the talent of the living artists betoken any want of reverence for the genius of those who have passed away. The sun shines for ever; and though, when some feeble squib of a comet makes its unwonted appearance, all men's eyes are turned in its direction, yet, considering the singular and erratic nature of the celestial visitor, this curiosity may easily be pardoned. Nor, on that account, does the sole fountain of light,—the eternal dispenser of health and wealth,—cease to shed its beneficent influence. So the genius of the past is with us always, whilst new-born talent cries aloud for an immediate recognition. Nor were it just that its prayer should be unheeded; for though it may be perfectly true that in our eager desire to encourage native talent, our attention is often bestowed on works which will not live, yet most assuredly this very fear of the brevity of their existence forms the most rational excuse for our momentary neglect of those works which are surely destined to live for ever.

The productions of literature, painting, and music, must be estimated by the loftiness of the artist's aim, and his power to develop clearly the truths he seeks to unfold; and if, in his efforts to excite attention, he employs any but the simplest means, it proves either a want of acquired power, or else that the truth he would proclaim is of no great importance. Of all feelings, curiosity is the easiest to arouse, and the least worthy to be excited. In general we pay too little attention to the thought, and too much to the language in which it is expressed, so that, like children with bad sweetmeats, we often swallow falsehoods which are made outwardly attractive and palatable. Few critics will deny that the aim of Art of late years,—whether in poetry, painting, or music,—has been directed to the outward setting, rather than to the embodiment of the inward thought; so that we have a peculiarity of treatment,—namely, of versification, colour, and harmony, a striving after various turns of language,—rather than the intelligible expression of truth. Therefore in every art it is well to guard against the mere fascination of the senses. For fascination is very inferior to

admiration, being excited by less worthy causes, and merely affecting the senses, whereas admiration springs from the heart, and is kindled alone by objects worthy of its love.

To what extent this fascination of the senses affects our judgment, may be perceived in the success which invariably attends the exhibition of what may be termed the "bravura" of Art. Whether the instrument be a piano, the voice, a canvas, or a sheet of paper,—the performer who displays rapidity of utterance, the painter who shows facility of execution, and the writer who reveals the most extensive erudition, even in the elucidation of the most trivial theories, will always meet with more liberal applause than awaits a more intellectual appeal. But the feeling produced partakes of astonishment rather than of admiration, and such paltry exhibitions of mere dexterity are wholly repugnant to taste, which appreciates a mental rather than a mechanical display. And yet, however much we may regret the poverty of taste in the audience, the blame must be chiefly awarded to the performer who forgets the duty he owes to Art, in the continual attempt to attain a most ephemeral and unworthy success. For instance, few indeed are the singers who, merely to show their dexterity, will not scruple to interpolate the notes of the composer with a succession of the most unmeaning roulades, shakes, and other mad frolics of the voice, each display followed by louder clapping of hands and showering of bouquets; and not until the performer shall have the wisdom and the courage to resist the promptings of the most paltry vanity, and feel that real executive power is shown in giving full expression to the ideas of the composer, can there be hope of any amendment in the judgment of the public.

Fashion has much influence on the advancement of taste. It has often been allied with the latter, but, so far from there being any affinity, there is, on the contrary, a continual war between the two powers. Fashion, unfortunately, is never under the dominion of taste, and though it may at times retard the progress of the latter, the effect can only be momentary, for it originates in mere caprice, and its laws become obsolete until a future age turns to revivalism; for it learns nothing from experience, and, like history, repeats itself. When Pre-Raffaellitism made its comet-like appearance,—with ugliness and affectation for its satellites,—its influence, soaring or grubbing, according to its admirers or detractors, extended even to manners and dress. Ladies studied to deprive their actions of all natural grace, on the strange plea of naturalism, and their dresses were made after the quaintest fashion of early times. Red hair,—unkempt, in imitation of nature's unadorned simplicity,—became an object of desire, and those who possessed black or brown hair gladly underwent any painful or mortifying process to impart the enviable hue to their swarthy locks. But crinoline swiftly put an end to the affected meagreness of dress, and on a sudden the possessors of dyed hair had the mortification of

finding the trouble they had undergone thrown away, with what detriment to the strength and beauty of the manipulated matter the barber alone can tell. Then crinoline was voted as ugly as before it had been pronounced beautiful, and we seem tending to the short waists and indecently scanty robes worn in the early part of this century, whilst the hideous "chignon" is giving place to the equally preposterous head-gear of the time of Reynolds. Considering the ease with which a woman adapts her opinions to prevailing fashion, and how suddenly her unintellectual admiration is bestowed on what previously excited her disgust, there is really some ground for accusing the sex of the want of a true appreciation of the beautiful;—or, if not an absolute want, at least a fearful weakness. They have all the feeling necessary for the possession of taste, but they want judgment, and while having the sensibility to admire what is pretty or pleasing, they lack the discrimination to select what is really beautiful. And what removes their feeling from taste is its absence of critical power. Moreover, though women are keen in perception, they have less reflection and are more precipitate than men. However graceful and delicate by nature, they allow their judgment to be regulated, in matters of dress, by the dictates of fashion, and grace and fitness lose their proper influence. No doubt, even in dress, there is opportunity given for the display of taste, but it is confined to the choice of colour; for, as to its form, that seems to be definitely left to the caprice and cupidity of the tailors—male and female.

Others, again, err in the opposite direction. They affect to despise fashion, and, either through contempt or indolence, take little pains about their personal appearance; but the contempt is not a sign of a corresponding strength of mind, nor is the indolence a proof of bodily health. The "*mens sana in corpore sano*" is not the least apparent in the desire to appear clean and neat, and personal experience leads us to believe that the proportional degree of attention paid to outward appearance is a true thermometer of health. So that at times a man may be a sloven, or so sensitive to neatness that the obtrusion of the smallest hair of the beard or moustache becomes highly offensive; and thus we find that people who are on the verge of decay become very slovenly in their habits and dress.

To the influence of Fashion may be chiefly ascribed the proverbial unsteadiness in the advancement of taste in Art. At the call of sundry enthusiastic explorers, we play "follow my leader" in a labyrinth of dogmas and creeds of "idealism," "realism," and other "sophisms," each equally unprofitable, and all retarding our progress by keeping us groping continually in the dark, often for so long a time that we become blind in the presence of light. It is the tendency of all preachers of a new faith to see no merit in any existing doctrines, and to believe that truth can only be found by pursuing a course diametrically opposed to those hitherto followed, so that in proportion

to the faith and unreflecting zeal of the disciple, he plunges into extremes instead of searching some coin of vantage whereby he may reconcile the opposing doctrines, and by accepting the truth and rejecting the errors which may prevail in the respective creeds, discover a sure and safe road to comparative perfection. Unfortunately, pride and obstinacy are obstacles not easily to be overthrown; and any error prevalent in Art is as pertinaciously upheld as are the absurdities of dress. Even when this has reached the last stage of exaggeration, and a reaction ensues, the result, arising from offended feeling rather than from awakening reason, is too violent and abrupt to have a beneficial influence.

Thus, "Idealism" has dethroned "Realism," to be in its turn overthrown when the flaring paint has been rubbed from the doll's surface, and the child is disgusted with the naked deformity beneath. But "Idealism" is not necessary unrealism, nor need "Realism" be wholly material; and though opposed in their extremes, they are not antagonistic in the means. Realism springs from without,—Idealism from within; and the perception would be as narrow without the co-operation of the mind as the conception would be in the entire ignorance of the local truth imparted by the senses. Art is the worshipper of Nature, not its blind devotee, and its mission is to embody the spiritual beauty of its immortal mistress. To that end it must arouse the emotions which the actual presence of Nature awakens, and if we investigate the source of their current, we shall find that it does not spring from a microscopic knowledge of its multitudinous objects; but, on the contrary, the impression produced by the whole will be weakened in proportion as we pry into the minute features of the parts.

Idealism, therefore, is not unrealism, but is the expression of truth of feeling as opposed to that of mere fact, and is thus more elevating than realism, being creative, whereas the latter is merely illustrative. For instance, let us take the representation of any incident in History or Life. There are two methods of pictorial treatment, namely, the Real and the Ideal, taken in their broadest sense. In the former the artist endeavours to represent the scene literally as it occurred, giving to the personages introduced and to its locality, as far as possible their identical features; in the latter the incident is employed more as a means of embodying the character pertaining to the situation, and the painter does not consider the real circumstances of the scene, but in what manner its representation can most impress the spectator. The really great artist is revealed in proportion to his power of grasping the whole subject, and his work, compared to one in which the painter has insisted on local truth, is as far above the latter as autobiography is to a mere diary, the materials of which are employed as the means of arousing a deeper interest than could be excited simply by their real presence. For example, it may not be true that

Cromwell looked on the beheaded Charles in his coffin, as depicted by Paul Delaroche. But the peculiar position of the regicide, the doubt whether the chief obstacle to his ambition was really removed, mingled, possibly, with a regret that necessity had driven him to the act,—all the feelings pertaining to his situation are so strongly embodied in the picture, that the spectator is regardless of the painter's deviation from fact, and the seeming falsehood becomes a real truth.

In acting,—as in painting and literature,—the same antagonism prevails, and Idealism and Realism appear by turns in their zenith,—the true middle course being too tame for the seekers after amusement rather than truth. How far Realism is powerless to awaken emotions in accordance with the scene represented may be proved by the inferiority of a *tableau vivant* to a pictorial illustration of the same subject, even when not treated in the highest manner. Art is but the mere representation of life, and cannot awaken the spectator's interest to the same extent as if he were a witness of the actual scene, and a judicious mixture of Idealism strengthens the impression which the artist seeks to produce; whereas a too close Realism only makes the unreality more apparent. From the relation of an incident and the knowledge of its attending circumstances, the mind conceives a picture of the real event, and can scarcely be contented with the assertion that the representation is strictly in accordance with the actual scene. The imagination requires to be satisfied, and any idealism which will produce that result is not a falsehood, but the unfolding of a higher truth than could be revealed by the bare illustration of facts.

But the purifying spirit of Idealism, unless restrained by the stern presence of Realism, is apt to lead the mind into the very regions of falsehood;—and even the continual search after the beautiful in Art has a tendency to produce a forgetfulness of other qualities equally essential to truth. The dreams of poets, teeming with illustrations of unalloyed happiness, are not usually realised in life. No doubt the pictures of chaste nymphs and lovely shepherdesses embowered in sunlit landscapes, and occupied in the most innocent pastimes, are sweet to the imagination; but we have realities more serious to attend to, by the embodiment of which Art may contribute to a delight more rational and beneficial; and only to those who have no real knowledge of life will the falsehood of Idealism be more welcome than its truth.

Our space here is too limited to permit of any lengthened inquiry as regards the influence of taste on our social manners and customs. It must, however, be acknowledged that our insular pride and self-importance have contributed much to the unfavourable light in which our countrymen are universally regarded by foreigners; who,—especially the lower classes,—are, generally speaking, superior to ourselves in

taste. We possess great tact;—but though tact, like taste, prevents its possessor from giving offence by word or deed, it is exercised from motives of expediency rather than from feeling, and often conceals truth for private ends, thus awakening a suspicion of selfishness. And though after close analysis we may acknowledge that selfishness is literally the foundation of all our acts, yet its degree of virtue or viciousness must be estimated by the amount of benefit or injury it causes to others.

Nor can we even dwell upon the influence of Fashion on the practice of religion. The pliability of women's prejudices has been alluded to, and as they form the majority of the audience in our churches, we need not be surprised that the tinsel of Ritualism at present has more power to fascinate the mind than the sterling metal of a more simple worship.

It may be thought that too much importance has been given to a quality which, demanding an equal degree of intellect and of natural delicacy for its organisation, may be deemed of little practical value to the mass of mankind in general. We think otherwise. The necessities of the mind are as worthy of recognition as are those of the body. And we feel convinced that, whatever may be a man's position or his occupation in life, the acquirement of taste will lead him all the more fully to perform that duty which is the highest privilege of humanity,—namely, by our works to contribute to the delight, the happiness, and the welfare of our fellow-creatures. Taste not only enhances individual enjoyment, but also elevates the national character; for though it may not be solely the offspring, it is the pupil of Reason, and in proportion as it is influenced by the latter, it will mark the relative difference between civilisation and barbarism.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER I.

PHINEAS FINN PROPOSES TO STAND FOR LOUGHSHANE.

DR. FINN, of Killaloe, in county Clare, was as well known in those parts,—the confines, that is, of the counties Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, and Galway,—as was the bishop himself who lived in the same town, and was as much respected. Many said that the doctor was the richer man of the two, and the practice of his profession was extended over almost as wide a district. Indeed the bishop, whom he was privileged to attend, although a Roman Catholic, always spoke of their dioceses being conterminous. It will therefore be understood that Dr. Finn,—Malachi Finn was his full name,—had obtained a wide reputation as a country practitioner in the west of Ireland. And he was a man sufficiently well to do, though that boast made by his friends, that he was as warm a man as the bishop, had but little truth to support it. Bishops in Ireland, if they live at home, even in these days, are very warm men; and Dr. Finn had not a penny in the world for which he had not worked hard. He had, moreover, a costly family, five daughters and one son, and, at the time of which we are speaking, no provision in the way of marriage or profession had been made for any of them. Of the one son, Phineas, the hero of the following pages, the mother and five sisters were very proud. The doctor was accustomed to say that his goose was as good as any other man's goose, as far as he could see as yet; but that he should like some very strong evidence before he allowed himself to express an opinion that the young bird partook, in any degree, of the qualities of a swan. From which it may be gathered that Dr. Finn was a man of common-sense.

Phineas had come to be a swan in the estimation of his mother and sisters by reason of certain early successes at college. His father, whose religion was not of that bitter kind in which we in England are apt to suppose that all the Irish Roman Catholics indulge, had sent his son to Trinity; and there were some in the neighbourhood of Killaloe,—patients, probably, of Dr. Duggin, of Castle Connell, a learned physician who had spent a fruitless life in endeavouring to make head against Dr. Finn,—who declared that old Finn would not be sorry if his son were to turn Protestant and go in for a fellowship. Mrs. Finn was a Protestant, and the five Miss Finns were Protestants, and the doctor himself was very much given to dining out among his Pro-

testant friends on a Friday. Our Phineas, however, did not turn Protestant up in Dublin, whatever his father's secret wishes on that subject may have been. He did join a debating society, to success in which his religion was no bar; and he there achieved a sort of distinction which was both easy and pleasant, and which, making its way down to Killaloe, assisted in engendering those ideas as to swanhood of which maternal and sisterly minds are so sweetly susceptible. "I know half a dozen old windbags at the present moment," said the doctor, "who were great fellows at debating clubs when they were boys." "Phineas is not a boy any longer," said Mrs. Finn. "And windbags don't get college scholarships," said Matilda Finn, the second daughter. "But papa always snubs Phinny," said Barbara, the youngest. "I'll snub you, if you don't take care," said the doctor, taking Barbara tenderly by the ear;—for his youngest daughter was the doctor's pet.

The doctor certainly did not snub his son, for he allowed him to go over to London when he was twenty-two years of age, in order that he might read with an English barrister. It was the doctor's wish that his son might be called to the Irish Bar, and the young man's desire that he might go to the English Bar. The doctor so far gave way, under the influence of Phineas himself, and of all the young women of the family, as to pay the usual fee to a very competent and learned gentleman in the Middle Temple, and to allow his son one hundred and fifty pounds per annum for three years. Dr. Finn, however, was still firm in his intention that his son should settle in Dublin, and take the Munster Circuit,—believing that Phineas might come to want home influences and home connections, in spite of the swanhood which was attributed to him.

Phineas eat his terms for three years, and was duly called to the Bar; but no evidence came home as to the acquirement of any considerable amount of law lore, or even as to much law study, on the part of the young aspirant. The learned pundit at whose feet he had been sitting was not especially loud in praise of his pupil's industry, though he did say a pleasant word or two as to his pupil's intelligence. Phineas himself did not boast much of his own hard work when at home during the long vacation. No rumours of expected successes,—of expected professional successes,—reached the ears of any of the Finn family at Killaloe. But, nevertheless, there came tidings which maintained those high ideas in the maternal bosom of which mention has been made, and which were of such sufficient strength to induce the doctor, in opposition to his own judgment, to consent to the continued residence of his son in London. Phineas belonged to an excellent club,—the Reform Club,—and went into very good society. He was hand and glove with the Hon. Laurence Fitzgibbon, the eldest son of Lord Claddagh. He was intimate with Barrington Erle, who had been private secretary,—one of the private secretaries,—to the great Whig

Prime Minister who was lately in but was now out. He had dined three or four times with that great Whig nobleman, the Earl of Brentford. And he had been assured that if he stuck to the English Bar he would certainly do well. Though he might fail to succeed in court or in chambers, he would doubtless have given to him some one of those numerous appointments for which none but clever young barristers are supposed to be fitting candidates. The old doctor yielded for another year, although at the end of the second year he was called upon to pay a sum of three hundred pounds, which was then due by Phineas to creditors in London. When the doctor's male friends in and about Killaloe heard that he had done so, they said that he was doting. Not one of the Miss Finns was as yet married; and, after all that had been said about the doctor's wealth, it was supposed that there would not be above five hundred pounds a year among them all, were he to give up his profession. But the doctor, when he paid that three hundred pounds for his son, buckled to his work again, though he had for twelve months talked of giving up the midwifery. He buckled to again, to the great disgust of Dr. Duggin, who at this time said very ill-natured things about young Phineas.

At the end of the three years Phineas was called to the Bar, and immediately received a letter from his father asking minutely as to his professional intentions. His father recommended him to settle in Dublin, and promised the one hundred and fifty pounds for three more years, on condition that this advice was followed. He did not absolutely say that the allowance would be stopped if the advice were not followed, but that was plainly to be implied. That letter came at the moment of a dissolution of Parliament. Lord de Terrier, the Conservative Prime Minister, who had now been in office for the almost unprecedentedly long period of fifteen months, had found that he could not face continued majorities against him in the House of Commons, and had dissolved the House. Rumour declared that he would have much preferred to resign, and betake himself once again to the easy glories of opposition; but his party had naturally been obdurate with him, and he had resolved to appeal to the country. When Phineas received his father's letter, it had just been suggested to him at the Reform Club that he should stand for the Irish borough of Loughshane.

This proposition had taken Phineas Finn so much by surprise, that when first made to him by Barrington Erle it took his breath away. What! he stand for Parliament, twenty-four years old, with no vestige of property belonging to him, without a penny in his purse, as completely dependent on his father as he was when he first went to school at eleven years of age! And for Loughshane, a little borough in the county Galway, for which a brother of that fine old Irish peer, the Earl of Tulla, had been sitting for the last twenty years,—a fine, high-minded representative of the thorough-going Orange Protestant

feeling of Ireland! And the Earl of Tulla, to whom almost all Loughshane belonged,—or at any rate the land about Loughshane,—was one of his father's staunchest friends! Loughshane is in county Galway, but the Earl of Tulla usually lived at his seat in county Clare, not more than ten miles from Killaloe, and always confided his gouty feet, and the weak nerves of the old countess, and the stomachs of all his domestics, to the care of Dr. Finn. How was it possible that Phineas should stand for Loughshane? From whence was the money to come for such a contest? It was a beautiful dream, a grand idea, lifting Phineas almost off the earth by its glory. When the proposition was first made to him in the smoking-room at the Reform Club by his friend Erle, he was aware that he blushed like a girl, and that he was unable at the moment to express himself plainly,—so great was his astonishment and so great his gratification. But before ten minutes had passed by, while Barrington Erle was still sitting over his shoulder on the club sofa, and before the blushes had altogether vanished, he had seen the improbability of the scheme, and had explained to his friend that the thing could not be done. But to his increased astonishment, his friend made nothing of the difficulties. Loughshane, according to Barrington Erle, was so small a place, that the expense would be very little. There were altogether no more than 307 registered electors. The inhabitants were so far removed from the world, and were so ignorant of the world's good things, that they knew nothing about bribery. The Hon. George Morris, who had sat for the last twenty years, was very unpopular. He had not been near the borough since the last election, he had hardly done more than show himself in Parliament, and had neither given a shilling in the town nor got a place under Government for a single son of Loughshane. "And he has quarrelled with his brother," said Barrington Erle. "The devil he has!" said Phineas. "I thought they always swore by each other." "It's at each other they swear now," said Barrington; "George has asked the Earl for more money, and the Earl has cut up rusty." Then the negotiator went on to explain that the expenses of the election would be defrayed out of a certain fund collected for such purposes, that Loughshane had been chosen as a cheap place, and that Phineas Finn had been chosen as a safe and promising young man. As for qualification, if any question were raised, that should be made all right. An Irish candidate was wanted, and a Roman Catholic. So much the Loughshane would require on their own account when instigated to dismiss from their service that thorough-going Protestant, the Hon. George Morris. Then "the party,"—by which Barrington Erle probably meant the great man in whose service he himself had become a politician,—required that the candidate should be a safe man, one who would support "the party,"—not a cantankerous, red-hot semi-Fenian, running about to meetings at the Rotunda, and such like, with views

of his own about tenant-right and the Irish Church. "But I have views of my own," said Phineas, blushing again. "Of course you have, my dear boy," said Barrington, clapping him on the back. "I shouldn't come to you unless you had views. But your views and ours are the same, and you're just the lad for Galway. You mightn't have such an opening again in your life, and of course you'll stand for Loughshane." Then the conversation was over, the private secretary went away to arrange some other little matter of the kind, and Phineas Finn was left alone to consider the proposition that had been made to him.

To become a member of the British Parliament! In all those hot contests at the two debating clubs to which he had belonged, this had been the ambition which had moved him. For, after all, to what purpose of their own had those empty debates ever tended? He and three or four others who had called themselves Liberals had been pitted against four or five who had called themselves Conservatives, and night after night they had discussed some ponderous subject without any idea that one would ever persuade another, or that their talking would ever conduce to any action or to any result. But each of these combatants had felt,—without daring to announce a hope on the subject among themselves,—that the present arena was only a trial-ground for some possible greater amphitheatre, for some future debating club in which debates would lead to action, and in which eloquence would have power, even though persuasion might be out of the question.

Phineas certainly had never dared to speak, even to himself, of such a hope. The labours of the Bar had to be encountered before the dawn of such a hope could come to him. And he had gradually learned to feel that his prospects at the Bar were not as yet very promising. As regarded professional work he had been idle, and how then could he have a hope?

And now this thing, which he regarded as being of all things in the world the most honourable, had come to him all at once, and was possibly within his reach! If he could believe Barrington Erle, he had only to lift up his hand, and he might be in Parliament within two months. And who was to be believed on such a subject if not Barrington Erle? This was Erle's especial business, and such a man would not have come to him on such a subject had he not been in earnest, and had he not himself believed in success. There was an opening ready, an opening to this great glory,—if only it might be possible for him to fill it!

What would his father say? His father would of course oppose the plan. And if he opposed his father, his father would of course stop his income. And such an income as it was! Could it be that a man should sit in Parliament and live upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year? Since that payment of his debts he had become again embar-

passed,—to a slight amount. He owed a tailor a trifle, and a bootmaker a trifle,—and something to the man who sold gloves and shirts; and yet he had done his best to keep out of debt with more than Irish pertinacity, living very closely, breakfasting upon tea and a roll, and dining frequently for a shilling at a luncheon-house up a court near Lincoln's Inn. Where should he dine if the Loughshaners elected him to Parliament? And then he painted to himself a not untrue picture of the probable miseries of a man who begins life too high up on the ladder,—who succeeds in mounting before he has learned how to hold on when he is aloft. For our Phineas Finn was a young man not without sense,—not entirely a windbag. If he did this thing the probability was that he might become utterly a castaway, and go entirely to the dogs before he was thirty. He had heard of penniless men who had got into Parliament, and to whom had come such a fate. He was able to name to himself a man or two whose barks, carrying more sail than they could bear, had gone to pieces among early breakers in this way. But then, would it not be better to go to pieces early than never to carry any sail at all? And there was, at any rate, the chance of success. He was already a barrister, and there were so many things open to a barrister with a seat in Parliament! And as he knew of men who had been utterly ruined by such early mounting, so also did he know of others whose fortunes had been made by happy audacity when they were young. He almost thought that he could die happy if he had once taken his seat in Parliament,—if he had received one letter with those grand initials written after his name on the address. Young men in battle are called upon to lead forlorn hopes. Three fall, perhaps, to one who gets through; but the one who gets through will have the Victoria Cross to carry for the rest of his life. This was his forlorn hope; and as he had been invited to undertake the work, he would not turn from the danger. On the following morning he again saw Barrington Erle by appointment, and then wrote the following letter to his father:—

"Reform Club, Feb., 186—.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I am afraid that the purport of this letter will startle you, but I hope that when you have finished it you will think that I am right in my decision as to what I am going to do. You are no doubt aware that the dissolution of Parliament will take place at once, and that we shall be in all the turmoil of a general election by the middle of March. I have been invited to stand for Loughshane, and have consented. The proposition has been made to me by my friend Barrington Erle, Mr. Mildmay's private secretary, and has been made on behalf of the Political Committee of the Reform Club. I need hardly say that I should not have thought of such a thing with a less thorough promise of support than this gives me, nor should I think of it now had I not been assured that none of the expense of the

election would fall upon me. Of course I could not have asked you to pay for it.

"But to such a proposition, so made, I have felt that it would be cowardly to give a refusal. I cannot but regard such a selection as a great honour. I own that I am fond of politics, and have taken great delight in their study"—("Stupid young fool!" his father said to himself as he read this)—"and it has been my dream for years past to have a seat in Parliament at some future time." ("Dream! yes; I wonder whether he has ever dreamed what he is to live upon.") "The chance has now come to me much earlier than I have looked for it, but I do not think that it should on that account be thrown away. Looking to my profession, I find that many things are open to a barrister with a seat in Parliament, and that the House need not interfere much with a man's practice." ("Not if he has got to the top of his tree," said the doctor.)

"My chief doubt arose from the fact of your old friendship with Lord Tulla, whose brother has filled the seat for I don't know how many years. But it seems that George Morris must go; or, at least, that he must be opposed by a Liberal candidate. If I do not stand, some one else will, and I should think that Lord Tulla will be too much of a man to make any personal quarrel on such a subject. If he is to lose the borough, why should not I have it as well as another?"

"I can fancy, my dear father, all that you will say as to my imprudence, and I quite confess that I have not a word to answer. I have told myself more than once, since last night, that I shall probably ruin myself." ("I wonder whether he has ever told himself that he will probably ruin me also," said the doctor.) "But I am prepared to ruin myself in such a cause. I have no one dependent on me; and, as long as I do nothing to disgrace my name, I may dispose of myself as I please. If you decide on stopping my allowance, I shall have no feeling of anger against you!" ("How very considerate!" said the doctor.) "And in that case I shall endeavour to support myself by my pen. I have already done a little in the magazines."

"Give my best love to my mother and sisters. If you will receive me during the time of the election, I shall see them soon. Perhaps it will be best for me to say that I have positively decided on making the attempt; that is to say, if the Club Committee is as good as its promise. I have weighed the matter all round, and I regard the prize as being so great, that I am prepared to run any risk to obtain it. Indeed, to me, with my views about politics, the running of such a risk is no more than a duty. I cannot keep my hand from the work now that the work has come in the way of my hand. I shall be most anxious to get a line from you in answer to this."

"Your most affectionate son,

"PHINEAS FINN."

I question whether Dr. Finn, when he read this letter, did not feel more of pride than of anger,—whether he was not rather gratified than displeased, in spite of all that his common-sense told him on the subject. His wife and daughters, when they heard the news, were clearly on the side of the young man. Mrs. Finn immediately expressed an opinion that Parliament would be the making of her son, and that everybody would be sure to employ so distinguished a barrister. The girls declared that Phineas ought, at any rate, to have his chance, and almost asserted that it would be brutal in their father to stand in their brother's way. It was in vain that the doctor tried to explain that going into Parliament could not help a young barrister, whatever it might do for one thoroughly established in his profession; that Phineas, if successful at Loughshane, would at once abandon all idea of earning any income,—that the proposition, coming from so poor a man, was a monstrosity,—that such an opposition to the Morris family, coming from a son of his, would be gross ingratitude to Lord Tulla. Mrs. Finn and the girls talked him down, and the doctor himself was almost carried away by something like vanity in regard to his son's future position.

Nevertheless he wrote a letter strongly advising Phineas to abandon the project. But he himself was aware that the letter which he wrote was not one from which any success could be expected. He advised his son, but did not command him. He made no threats as to stopping his income. He did not tell Phineas, in so many words, that he was proposing to make an ass of himself. He argued very prudently against the plan, and Phineas, when he received his father's letter, of course felt that it was tantamount to a paternal permission to proceed with the matter. On the next day he got a letter from his mother full of affection, full of pride,—not exactly telling him to stand for Loughshane by all means, for Mrs. Finn was not the woman to run openly counter to her husband in any advice given by her to their son,—but giving him every encouragement which motherly affection and motherly pride could bestow. "Of course you will come to us," she said, "if you do make up your mind to be member for Loughshane. We shall all of us be so delighted to have you!" Phineas, who had fallen into a sea of doubt after writing to his father, and who had demanded a week from Barrington Erle to consider the matter, was elated to positive certainty by the joint effect of the two letters from home. He understood it all. His mother and sisters were altogether in favour of his audacity, and even his father was not disposed to quarrel with him on the subject.

"I shall take you at your word," he said to Barrington Erle at the club that evening.

"What word?" said Erle, who had too many irons in the fire to be thinking always of Loughshane and Phineas Finn,—or who at any rate did not choose to let his anxiety on the subject be seen.

"About Loughshane."

"All right, old fellow; we shall be sure to carry you through. The Irish writs will be out on the third of March, and the sooner you're there the better."

CHAPTER II.

PHINEAS FINN IS ELECTED FOR LOUGHSHANE.

ONE great difficulty about the borough vanished in a very wonderful way at the first touch. Dr. Finn, who was a man stout at heart, and by no means afraid of his great friends, drove himself over to Castle-morris to tell his news to the Earl, as soon as he got a second letter from his son declaring his intention of proceeding with the business, let the results be what they might. Lord Tulla was a passionate old man, and the doctor expected that there would be a quarrel;—but he was prepared to face that. He was under no special debt of gratitude to the lord, having given as much as he had taken in the long intercourse which had existed between them;—and he agreed with his son in thinking that if there was to be a Liberal candidate at Loughshane, no consideration of old pill-boxes and gallipots should deter his son Phineas from standing. Other considerations might very probably deter him, but not that. The Earl probably would be of a different opinion, and the doctor felt it to be incumbent on him to break the news to Lord Tulla.

"The devil he is!" said the Earl, when the doctor had told his story. "Then I'll tell you what, Finn, I'll support him."

"You support him, Lord Tulla!"

"Yes;—why shouldn't I support him? I suppose it's not so bad with me in the country that my support will rob him of his chance! I'll tell you one thing for certain, I won't support George Morris."

"But, my lord——"

"Well; go on."

"I've never taken much part in politics myself, as you know; but my boy Phineas is on the other side."

"I don't care a —— for sides. What has my party done for me? Look at my cousin, Dick Morris. There's not a clergyman in Ireland stauncher to them than he has been, and now they've given the deanery of Kilfenora to a man that never had a father, though I condescended to ask for it for my cousin. Let them wait till I ask for anything again." Dr. Finn, who knew all about Dick Morris's debts, and who had heard of his modes of preaching, was not surprised at the decision of the Conservative bestower of Irish Church patronage; but on this subject he said nothing. "And as for George," continued the Earl, "I will never lift my hand again for him. His standing for Loughshane would be quite out of the question. My own tenants

wouldn't vote for him if I were to ask them myself. Peter Blake"—Mr. Peter Blake was the lord's agent—"told me only a week ago that it would be useless. The whole thing is gone, and for my part I wish they'd disfranchise the borough. I wish they'd disfranchise the whole country, and send us a military governor. What's the use of such members as we send? There isn't one gentleman among ten of them. Your son is welcome for me. What support I can give him he shall have, but it isn't much. I suppose he had better come and see me."

The doctor promised that his son should ride over to Castlemorris, and then took his leave,—not specially flattered, as he felt that were his son to be returned, the Earl would not regard him as the one gentleman among ten whom the county might send to leaven the remainder of its members,—but aware that the greatest impediment in his son's way was already removed. He certainly had not gone to Castlemorris with any idea of canvassing for his son, and yet he had canvassed for him most satisfactorily. When he got home he did not know how to speak of the matter otherwise than triumphantly to his wife and daughters. Though he desired to curse, his mouth would speak blessings. Before that evening was over the prospects of Phineas at Loughshane were spoken of with open enthusiasm before the doctor, and by the next day's post a letter was written to him by Matilda, informing him that the Earl was prepared to receive him with open arms. "Papa has been over there and managed it all," said Matilda.

"I'm told George Morris isn't going to stand," said Barrington Erle to Phineas the night before his departure.

"His brother won't support him. His brother means to support me," said Phineas.

"That can hardly be so."

"But I tell you it is. My father has known the Earl these twenty years, and has managed it."

"I say, Finn, you're not going to play us a trick, are you?" said Mr. Erle, with something like dismay in his voice.

"What sort of trick?"

"You're not coming out on the other side?"

"Not if I know it," said Phineas, proudly. "Let me assure you I wouldn't change my views in politics either for you or for the Earl, though each of you carried seats in your breeches pockets. If I go into Parliament, I shall go there as a sound Liberal,—not to support a party, but to do the best I can for the country. I tell you so, and I shall tell the Earl the same."

Barrington Erle turned away in disgust. Such language was to him simply disgusting. It fell upon his ears as false maudlin sentiment falls on the ears of the ordinary honest man of the world. Barrington Erle was a man ordinarily honest. He would not have

been untrue to his mother's brother, William Mildmay, the great Whig Minister of the day, for any earthly consideration. He was ready to work with wages or without wages. He was really zealous in the cause, not asking very much for himself. He had some undefined belief that it was much better for the country that Mr. Mildmay should be in power than that Lord de Terrier should be there. He was convinced that Liberal politics were good for Englishmen, and that Liberal politics and the Mildmay party were one and the same thing. It would be unfair to Barrington Erle to deny to him some praise for patriotism. But he hated the very name of independence in Parliament, and when he was told of any man, that that man intended to look to measures and not to men, he regarded that man as being both unstable as water and dishonest as the wind. No good could possibly come from such a one, and much evil might and probably would come. Such a politician was a Greek to Barrington Erle, from whose hands he feared to accept even the gift of a vote. Parliamentary hermits were distasteful to him, and dwellers in political caves were regarded by him with aversion as being either knavish or impractical. With a good Conservative opponent he could shake hands almost as readily as with a good Whig ally; but the man who was neither flesh nor fowl was odious to him. According to his theory of parliamentary government, the House of Commons should be divided by a marked line, and every member should be required to stand on one side of it or on the other. "If not with me, at any rate be against me," he would have said to every representative of the people in the name of the great leader whom he followed. He thought that debates were good, because of the people outside,—because they served to create that public opinion which was hereafter to be used in creating some future House of Commons; but he did not think it possible that any vote should be given on a great question, either this way or that, as the result of a debate; and he was certainly assured in his own opinion that any such changing of votes would be dangerous, revolutionary, and almost unparliamentary. A member's vote,—except on some small crotchety open question thrown out for the amusement of crotchety members,—was due to the leader of that member's party. Such was Mr. Erle's idea of the English system of Parliament, and, lending semi-official assistance as he did frequently to the introduction of candidates into the House, he was naturally anxious that his candidates should be candidates after his own heart. When, therefore, Phineas Finn talked of measures and not men, Barrington Erle turned away in open disgust. But he remembered the youth and extreme rawness of the lad, and he remembered also the careers of other men.

Barrington Erle was forty, and experience had taught him something. After a few seconds, he brought himself to think mildly of the young man's vanity,—as of the vanity of a plunging colt who resents

the liberty even of a touch. "By the end of the first session the thong will be cracked over his head, as he patiently assists in pulling the coach up hill, without producing from him even a flick of his tail," said Barrington Erle to an old parliamentary friend.

"If he were to come out after all on the wrong side," said the parliamentary friend.

Erle admitted that such a trick as that would be unpleasant, but he thought that old Lord Tulla was hardly equal to so clever a stratagem.

Phineas went to Ireland, and walked over the course at Longshane. He called upon Lord Tulla, and heard that venerable nobleman talk a great deal of nonsense. To tell the truth of Phineas, I must confess that he wished to talk the nonsense himself; but the Earl would not hear him, and put him down very quickly. "We won't discuss politics, if you please, Mr. Finn; because, as I have already said, I am throwing aside all political considerations." Phineas, therefore, was not allowed to express his views on the government of the country in the Earl's sitting-room at Castlemorris. There was, however, a good time coming; and so, for the present, he allowed the Earl to ramble on about the sins of his brother George, and the want of all proper pedigree on the part of the new Dean of Kilfenora. The conference ended with an assurance on the part of Lord Tulla that if the Loughshaners chose to elect Mr. Phineas Finn he would not be in the least offended. The electors did elect Mr. Phineas Finn,—perhaps for the reason given by one of the Dublin Conservative papers, which declared that it was all the fault of the Carlton Club in not sending a proper candidate. There was a great deal said about the matter, both in London and Dublin, and the blame was supposed to fall on the joint shoulders of George Morris and his elder brother. In the meantime, our hero, Phineas Finn, had been duly elected member of Parliament for the borough of Loughshane.

The Finn family could not restrain their triumphings at Killaloe, and I do not know that it would have been natural had they done so. A gosling from such a flock does become something of a real swan by getting into Parliament. The doctor had his misgivings,—had great misgivings, fearful forebodings; but there was the young man elected, and he could not help it. He could not refuse his right hand to his son or withdraw his paternal assistance because that son had been specially honoured among the young men of his country. So he pulled out of his hoard what sufficed to pay off outstanding debts,—they were not heavy,—and undertook to allow Phineas two hundred and fifty pounds a year as long as the session should last.

There was a widow lady living at Killaloe who was named Mrs. Flood Jones, and she had a daughter. She had a son also, born to inherit the property of the late Floscabel Flood Jones, of Floodborough, as soon as that property should have disembarrassed itself; but with

him, now serving with his regiment in India, we shall have no concern. Mrs. Flood Jones was living modestly at Killaloe, on her widow's jointure,—Floodborough having, to tell the truth, pretty nearly fallen into absolute ruin,—and with her lived her one daughter, Mary. Now, on the evening before the return of Phineas Finn, Esq., M.P., to London, Mrs. and Miss Flood Jones drank tea at the doctor's house.

"It won't make a bit of change in him," Barbara Finn said to her friend Mary, up in some bedroom privacy before the tea-drinking ceremonies had altogether commenced.

"Oh, it must," said Mary.

"I tell you it won't, my dear; he is so good and so true."

"I know he is good, Barbara; and as for truth, there is no question about it, because he has never said a word to me that he might not say to any girl."

"That's nonsense, Mary."

"He never has, then, as sure as the blessed Virgin watches over us;—only you don't believe she does."

"Never mind about the Virgin now Mary."

"But he never has. Your brother is nothing to me, Barbara."

"Then I hope he will be before the evening is over. He was walking with you all yesterday and the day before."

"Why shouldn't he,—and we that have known each other all our lives? But, Barbara, pray, pray never say a word of this to any one!"

"Is it I? Wouldn't I cut out my tongue first?"

"I don't know why I let you talk to me in this way. There has never been anything between me and Phineas,—your brother I mean."

"I know whom you mean very well."

"And I feel quite sure that there never will be. Why should there? He'll go out among great people and be a great man; and I've already found out that there's a certain Lady Laura Standish whom he admires very much."

"Lady Laura Fiddlestick!"

"A man in Parliament, you know, may look up to anybody," said Miss Mary Flood Jones.

"I want Phin to look up to you, my dear."

"That wouldn't be looking up. Placed as he is now, that would be looking down; and he is so proud that he'll never do that. But come down, dear, else they'll wonder where we are."

Mary Flood Jones was a little girl about twenty years of age, with the softest hair in the world, of a colour varying between brown and auburn,—for sometimes you would swear it was the one and sometimes the other; and she was as pretty as ever she could be. She was one of those girls, so common in Ireland, whom men, with tastes

that way given, feel inclined to take up and devour on the spur of the moment; and when she liked her lion, she had a look about her which seemed to ask to be devoured. There are girls so cold-looking,—pretty girls, too, ladylike, discreet, and armed with all accomplishments,—whom to attack seems to require the same sort of courage, and the same sort of preparation, as a journey in quest of the north-west passage. One thinks of a pedestal near the Athenæum as the most appropriate and most honourable reward of such courage. But, again, there are other girls to abstain from attacking whom is, to a man of any warmth of temperament, quite impossible. They are like water when one is athirst, like plovers' eggs in March, like cigars when one is out in the autumn. No one ever dreams of denying himself when such temptation comes in the way. It often happens, however, that in spite of appearances, the water will not come from the well, nor the egg from its shell, nor will the cigar allow itself to be lit. A girl of such appearance, so charming, was Mary Flood Jones of Killaloe, and our hero Phineas was not allowed to thirst in vain for a drop from the cool spring.

When the girls went down into the drawing-room Mary was careful to go to a part of the room quite remote from Phineas, so as to seat herself between Mrs. Finn and Dr. Finn's young partner, Mr. Elias Bodkin, from Ballinasloe. But Mrs. Finn and the Miss Finns and all Killaloe knew that Mary had no love for Mr. Bodkin, and when Mr. Bodkin handed her the hot cake she hardly so much as smiled at him. But in two minutes Phineas was behind her chair, and then she smiled; and in five minutes more she had got herself so twisted round that she was sitting in a corner with Phineas and his sister Barbara; and in two more minutes Barbara had returned to Mr. Elias Bodkin, so that Phineas and Mary were uninterrupted. They manage these things very quickly and very cleverly in Killaloe.

"I shall be off to-morrow morning by the early train," said Phineas.

"So soon;—and when will you have to begin,—in Parliament, I mean?"

"I shall have to take my seat on Friday. I'm going back just in time."

"But when shall we hear of your saying something?"

"Never probably. Not one in ten who go into Parliament ever do say anything."

"But you will; won't you? I hope you will. I do so hope you will distinguish yourself;—because of your sister, and for the sake of the town, you know."

"And is that all, Mary?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"You don't care a bit about myself, then?"

"You know that I do. Haven't we been friends ever since we

were children? Of course it will be a great pride to me that a person whom I have known so intimately should come to be talked about as a great man."

"I shall never be talked about as a great man."

"You're a great man to me already, being in Parliament. Only think;—I never saw a member of Parliament in my life before."

"You've seen the bishop scores of times."

"Is he in Parliament? Ah, but not like you. He couldn't come to be a Cabinet Minister, and one never reads anything about him in the newspapers. I shall expect to see your name very often, and I shall always look for it. 'Mr. Phineas Finn paired off with Mr. Mildmay.' What is the meaning of pairing off?"

"I'll explain it all to you when I come back, after learning my lesson."

"Mind you do come back. But I don't suppose you ever will. You will be going somewhere to see Lady Laura Standish when you are not wanted in Parliament."

"Lady Laura Standish!"

"And why shouldn't you? Of course, with your prospects, you should go as much as possible among people of that sort. Is Lady Laura very pretty?"

"She's about six feet high."

"Nonsense. I don't believe that."

"She would look as though she were, standing by you."

"Because I am so insignificant and small."

"Because your figure is perfect, and because she is straggling. She is as unlike you as possible in everything. She has thick lumpy red hair, while yours is all silk and softness. She has large hands and feet, and——"

"Why, Phineas, you are making her out to be an ogress, and yet I know that you admire her."

"So I do, because she possesses such an appearance of power. And after all, in spite of the lumpy hair, and in spite of large hands and straggling figure, she is handsome. One can't tell what it is. One can see that she is quite contented with herself, and intends to make others contented with her. And so she does."

"I see you are in love with her, Phineas."

"No; not in love,—not with her at least. Of all men in the world, I suppose that I am the last that has a right to be in love. I dare say I shall marry some day."

"I'm sure I hope you will."

"But not till I'm forty or perhaps fifty years old. If I was not fool enough to have what men call a high ambition I might venture to be in love now."

"I'm sure I'm very glad that you've got a high ambition. It is what every man ought to have; and I've no doubt that we shall

hear of your marriage soon,—very soon. And then,—if she can help you in your ambition, we—shall—all—be so—glad.”

Phineas did not say a word further then. Perhaps some commotion among the party broke up the little private conversation in the corner. And he was not alone with Mary again till there came a moment for him to put her cloak over her shoulders in the back parlour, while Mrs. Flood Jones was finishing some important narrative to his mother. It was Barbara, I think, who stood in some doorway, and prevented people from passing, and so gave him the opportunity which he abused.

“Mary,” said he, taking her in his arms, without a single word of love-making beyond what the reader has heard,—“one kiss before we part.”

“No, Phineas, no!” But the kiss had been taken and given before she had even answered him. “Oh, Phineas, you shouldn’t!”

“I should. Why shouldn’t I? And, Mary, I will have one morsel of your hair.”

“You shall not; indeed, you shall not!” But the scissors were at hand, and the ringlet was cut and in his pocket before she was ready with her resistance. There was nothing further;—not a word more, and Mary went away with her veil down, under her mother’s wing, weeping sweet silent tears which no one saw.

“You do love her; don’t you, Phineas?” asked Barbara.

“Bother! Do you go to bed, and don’t trouble yourself about such trifles. But mind you’re up, old girl, to see me off in the morning.”

Everybody was up to see him off in the morning, to give him coffee and good advice, and kisses, and to throw all manner of old shoes after him as he started on his great expedition to Parliament. His father gave him an extra twenty-pound note, and begged him for God’s sake to be careful about his money. His mother told him always to have an orange in his pocket when he intended to speak longer than usual. And Barbara in a last whisper begged him never to forget dear Mary Flood Jones.

CHAPTER III.

PHINEAS FINN TAKES HIS SEAT.

PHINEAS had many serious, almost solemn thoughts on his journey towards London. I am sorry I must assure my female readers that very few of them had reference to Mary Flood Jones. He had, however, very carefully packed up the tress, and could bring that out for proper acts of erotic worship at seasons in which his mind might be less engaged with affairs of state than it was at present. Would he make a failure of this great matter which he had taken in hand? He could not

but tell himself that the chances were twenty to one against him. Now, that he looked nearer at it all, the difficulties loomed larger than ever, and the rewards seemed to be less, more difficult of approach, and more evanescent. How many members were there who could never get a hearing! How many who only spoke to fail! How many, who spoke well, who could speak to no effect as far as their own worldly prospects were concerned! He had already known many members of Parliament to whom no outward respect or sign of honour was ever given by any one; and it seemed to him, as he thought over it, that Irish members of Parliament were generally treated with more indifference than any others. There were O'B—— and O'C—— and O'D——, for whom no one cared a straw, who could hardly get men to dine with them at the club, and yet they were genuine members of Parliament. Why should he ever be better than O'B——, or O'C——, or O'D——? And in what way should he begin to be better? He had an idea of the fashion after which it would be his duty to strive that he might excel those gentlemen. He did not give any of them credit for much earnestness in their country's behalf, and he was minded to be very earnest. He would go to his work honestly and conscientiously, determined to do his duty as best he might, let the results to himself be what they would. This was a noble resolution, and might have been pleasant to him,—had he not remembered that smile of derision which had come over his friend Erle's face when he declared his intention of doing his duty to his country as a Liberal, and not of supporting a party. O'B—— and O'C—— and O'D—— were keen enough to support their party, only they were sometimes a little astray at knowing which was their party for the nonce. He knew that Erle and such men would despise him if he did not fall into the regular groove,—and if the Barrington Erles despised him, what would then be left for him?

His moody thoughts were somewhat dissipated when he found one Laurence Fitzgibbon,—the Honourable Laurence Fitzgibbon,—a special friend of his own, and a very clever fellow, on board the boat as it steamed out of Kingston harbour. Laurence Fitzgibbon had also just been over about his election, and had been returned as a matter of course for his father's county. Laurence Fitzgibbon had sat in the House for the last fifteen years, and was yet wellnigh as young a man as any in it. And he was a man altogether different from the O'B——s, O'C——s, and O'D——s. Laurence Fitzgibbon could always get the ear of the House if he chose to speak, and his friends declared that he might have been high up in office long since if he would have taken the trouble to work. He was a welcome guest at the houses of the very best people, and was a friend of whom any one might be proud. It had for two years been a feather in the cap of Phineas that he knew Laurence Fitzgibbon. And yet people said that

Laurence Fitzgibbon had nothing of his own, and men wondered how he lived. He was the youngest son of Lord Claddagh, an Irish peer with a large family, who could do nothing for Laurence, his favourite child, beyond finding him a seat in Parliament.

"Well, Finn, my boy," said Laurence, shaking hands with the young member on board the steamer, "so you've made it all right at Loughshane." Then Phineas was beginning to tell all the story, the wonderful story, of George Morris and the Earl of Tulla,—how the men of Loughshane had elected him without opposition; how he had been supported by Conservatives as well as Liberals;—how unanimous Loughshane had been in electing him, Phineas Finn, as its representative. But Mr. Fitzgibbon seemed to care very little about all this, and went so far as to declare that those things were accidents which fell out sometimes one way and sometimes another, and were altogether independent of any merit or demerit on the part of the candidate himself. And it was marvellous and almost painful to Phineas that his friend Fitzgibbon should accept the fact of his membership with so little of congratulation,—with absolutely no blowing of trumpets whatever. Had he been elected a member of the municipal corporation of Loughshane, instead of its representative in the British Parliament, Laurence Fitzgibbon could not have made less fuss about it. Phineas was disappointed, but he took the cue from his friend too quickly to show his disappointment. And when, half an hour after their meeting, Fitzgibbon had to be reminded that his companion was not in the House during the last session, Phineas was able to make the remark as though he thought as little about the House as did the old-accustomed member himself.

"As far as I can see as yet," said Fitzgibbon, "we are sure to have seventeen."

"Seventeen?" said Phineas, not quite understanding the meaning of the number quoted.

"A majority of seventeen. There are four Irish counties and three Scotch which haven't returned as yet; but we know pretty well what they'll do. There's a doubt about Tipperary, of course; but whichever gets in of the seven who are standing, it will be a vote on our side. Now the Government can't live against that. The uphill strain is too much for them."

"According to my idea, nothing can justify them in trying to live against a majority."

"That's gammon. When the thing is so equal, anything is fair. But you see they don't like it. Of course there are some among them as hungry as we are; and Dubby would give his toes and fingers to remain in." Dubby was the ordinary name by which, among friends and foes, Mr. Daubeny was known; Mr. Daubeny, who at that time was the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. "But most of them," continued Mr. Fitzgibbon, "prefer the other

game, and if you don't care about money, upon my word it's the pleasanter game of the two."

"But the country gets nothing done by a Tory Government."

"As to that, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. I never knew a government yet that wanted to do anything. Give a government a real strong majority, as the Tories used to have half a century since, and as a matter of course it will do nothing. Why should it? Doing things, as you call it, is only bidding for power,—for patronage and pay."

"And is the country to have no service done?"

"The country gets quite as much service as it pays for,—and perhaps a little more. The clerks in the offices work for the country. And the Ministers work too, if they've got anything to manage. There is plenty of work done;—but of work in Parliament, the less the better, according to my ideas. It's very little that ever is done, and that little is generally too much."

"But the people——"

"Come down and have a glass of brandy-and-water, and leave the people alone for the present. The people can take care of themselves a great deal better than we can take care of them." Mr. Fitzgibbon's doctrine as to the commonwealth was very different from that of Barrington Erle, and was still less to the taste of the new member. Barrington Erle considered that his leader, Mr. Mildmay, should be entrusted to make all necessary changes in the laws, and that an obedient House of Commons should implicitly obey that leader in authorising all changes proposed by him;—but, according to Barrington Erle, such changes should be numerous and of great importance, and would, if duly passed into law at his lord's behest, gradually produce such a Whig Utopia in England as has never yet been seen on the face of the earth. Now, according to Mr. Fitzgibbon, the present Utopia would be good enough,—if only he himself might be once more put into possession of a certain semi-political place about the Court, from which he had heretofore drawn £1,000 per annum, without any work, much to his comfort. He made no secret of his ambition, and was chagrined simply at the prospect of having to return to his electors before he could enjoy those good things which he expected to receive from the undoubted majority of seventeen, which had been, or would be, achieved.

"I hate all change as a rule," said Fitzgibbon; "but, upon my word, we ought to alter that. When a fellow has got a crumb of comfort, after waiting for it years and years, and perhaps spending thousands in elections, he has to go back and try his hand again at the last moment, merely in obedience to some antiquated prejudice. Look at poor Jack Bond,—the best friend I ever had in the world. He was wrecked upon that rock for ever. He spent every shilling he had in contesting Romford three times running,—and three times

running he got in. Then they made him Vice-Comptroller of the Granaries, and I'm shot if he didn't get spilt at Romford on standing for his re-election!"

"And what became of him?"

"God knows. I think I heard that he married an old woman and settled down somewhere. I know he never came up again. Now, I call that a confounded shame. I suppose I'm safe down in Mayo, but there's no knowing what may happen in these days."

As they parted at Euston Square, Phineas asked his friend some little nervous question as to the best mode of making a first entrance into the House. Would Laurence Fitzgibbon see him through the difficulties of the oath-taking? But Laurence Fitzgibbon made very little of the difficulty. "Oh;—you just come down, and there'll be a rush of fellows, and you'll know everybody. You'll have to hang about for an hour or so, and then you'll get pushed through. There isn't time for much ceremony after a general election."

Phineas reached London early in the morning, and went home to bed for an hour or so. The House was to meet on that very day, and he intended to begin his parliamentary duties at once if he should find it possible to get some one to accompany him. He felt that he should lack courage to go down to Westminster Hall all alone, and explain to the policeman and door-keepers that he was the man who had just been elected member for Loughshane. So about noon he went into the Reform Club, and there he found a great crowd of men, among whom there was a plentiful sprinkling of members. Erle saw him in a moment, and came to him with congratulations.

"So you're all right, Finn," said he.

"Yes; I'm all right,—I didn't have much doubt about it when I went over."

"I never heard of a fellow with such a run of luck," said Erle.

"It's just one of those flukes that occur once in a dozen elections. Any one on earth might have got in without spending a shilling."

Phineas didn't at all like this. "I don't think any one could have got in," said he, "without knowing Lord Tulla."

"Lord Tulla was nowhere, my dear boy, and could have nothing to say to it. But never mind that. You meet me in the lobby at two. There'll be a lot of us there, and we'll go in together. Have you seen Fitzgibbon?" Then Barrington Erle went off to other business, and Finn was congratulated by other men. But it seemed to him that the congratulations of his friends were not hearty. He spoke to some men, of whom he thought that he knew they would have given their eyes to be in Parliament;—and yet they spoke of his success as being a very ordinary thing. "Well, my boy, I hope you like it," said one middle-aged gentleman whom he had known ever since he came up to London. "The difference is between working for nothing and working for money. You'll have to work for nothing now."

"That's about it, I suppose," said Phineas.

"They say the House is a comfortable club," said the middle-aged friend, "but I confess that I shouldn't like being rung away from my dinner myself."

At two punctually Phineas was in the lobby at Westminster, and then he found himself taken into the House with a crowd of other men. The old and young, and they who were neither old nor young, were mingled together, and there seemed to be very little respect of persons. On three or four occasions there was some cheering when a popular man or a great leader came in; but the work of the day left but little clear impression on the mind of the young member. He was confused, half elated, half disappointed, and had not his wits about him. He found himself constantly regretting that he was there; and as constantly telling himself that he, hardly yet twenty-five, without a shilling of his own, had achieved an entrance into that assembly which by the consent of all men is the greatest in the world, and which many of the rich magnates of the country had in vain spent heaps of treasure in their endeavours to open to their own footsteps. He tried hard to realise what he had gained, but the dust and the noise and the crowds and the want of something august to the eye were almost too strong for him. He managed, however, to take the oath early among those who took it, and heard the Queen's speech read and the Address moved and seconded. He was seated very uncomfortably, high up on a back seat, between two men whom he did not know; and he found the speeches to be very long. He had been in the habit of seeing such speeches reported in about a column, and he thought that these speeches must take at least four columns each. He sat out the debate on the Address till the House was adjourned, and then he went away to dine at his club. He did go into the dining-room of the House, but there was a crowd there, and he found himself alone,—and to tell the truth, he was afraid to order his dinner.

The nearest approach to a triumph which he had in London came to him from the glory which his election reflected upon his landlady. She was a kindly good motherly soul, whose husband was a journeyman law-stationer, and who kept a very decent house in Great Marlborough Street. Here Phineas had lodged since he had been in London, and was a great favourite. "God bless my soul, Mr. Phineas," said she, "only think of your being a member of Parliament!"

"Yes, I'm a member of Parliament, Mrs. Bunce."

"And you'll go on with the rooms the same as ever? Well, I never thought to have a member of Parliament in 'em."

Mrs. Bunce really had realised the magnitude of the step which her lodger had taken, and Phineas was grateful to her.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY LAURA STANDISH.

PHINEAS, in describing Lady Laura Standish to Mary Flood Jones at Killaloe, had not painted her in very glowing colours. Nevertheless he admired Lady Laura very much, and she was worthy of admiration. It was probably the greatest pride of our hero's life that Lady Laura Standish was his friend, and that she had instigated him to undertake the risk of parliamentary life. Lady Laura was intimate also with Barrington Erle, who was, in some distant degree, her cousin; and Phineas was not without a suspicion that his selection for Loughshane, from out of all the young liberal candidates, may have been in some degree owing to Lady Laura's influence with Barrington Erle. He was not unwilling that it should be so; for though, as he had repeatedly told himself, he was by no means in love with Lady Laura,—who was, as he imagined, somewhat older than himself,—nevertheless, he would feel gratified at accepting anything from her hands, and he felt a keen desire for some increase to those ties of friendship which bound them together. No;—he was not in love with Lady Laura Standish. He had not the remotest idea of asking her to be his wife. So he told himself, both before he went over for his election, and after his return. When he had found himself in a corner with poor little Mary Flood Jones, he had kissed her as a matter of course; but he did not think that he could, in any circumstances, be tempted to kiss Lady Laura. He supposed that he was in love with his darling little Mary,—after a fashion. Of course, it could never come to anything, because of the circumstances of his life, which were so imperious to him. He was not in love with Lady Laura, and yet he hoped that his intimacy with her might come to much. He had more than once asked himself how he would feel when somebody else came to be really in love with Lady Laura,—for she was by no means a woman to lack lovers,—when some one else should be in love with her, and be received by her as a lover; but this question he had never been able to answer. There were many questions about himself which he usually answered by telling himself that it was his fate to walk over volcanoes. “Of course, I shall be blown into atoms some fine day,” he would say; “but, after all, that is better than being slowly boiled down into pulp.”

The House had met on a Friday, again on the Saturday morning, and the debate on the Address had been adjourned till the Monday. On the Sunday, Phineas determined that he would see Lady Laura. She professed to be always at home on Sunday, and from three to four in the afternoon her drawing-room would probably be half full of people. There would, at any rate, be comers and goers, who would prevent anything like real conversation between himself and her. But

for a few minutes before that he might probably find her alone, and he was most anxious to see whether her reception of him, as a member of Parliament, would be in any degree warmer than that of his other friends. Hitherto he had found no such warmth since he came to London, excepting that which had glowed in the bosom of Mrs. Bunce.

Lady Laura Standish was the daughter of the Earl of Brentford, and was the only remaining lady of the Earl's family. The Countess had been long dead; and Lady Emily, the younger daughter, who had been the great beauty of her day, was now the wife of a Russian nobleman whom she had persisted in preferring to any of her English suitors, and lived at St. Petersburg. There was an aunt, old Lady Laura, who came up to town about the middle of May; but she was always in the country except for some six weeks in the season. There was a certain Lord Chiltern, the Earl's son and heir, who did indeed live at the family town house in Portman Square; but Lord Chiltern was a man of whom Lady Laura's set did not often speak, and Phineas, frequently as he had been at the house, had never seen Lord Chiltern there. He was a young nobleman of whom various accounts were given by various people; but I fear that the account most readily accepted in London attributed to him a great intimacy with affairs of Newmarket, and a partiality for convivial pleasures. Respecting Lord Chiltern Phineas had never as yet exchanged a word with Lady Laura. With the father he was acquainted, as he had dined perhaps half a dozen times at the house. The point in Lord Brentford's character which had more than any other struck our hero, was the unlimited confidence which he seemed to place in his daughter. Lady Laura seemed to have perfect power of doing what she pleased. She was much more mistress of herself than if she had been the wife instead of the daughter of the Earl of Brentford,—and she seemed to be quite as much mistress of the house.

Phineas had declared at Killaloe that Lady Laura was six feet high, that she had red hair, that her figure was straggling, and that her hands and feet were large. She was in fact about five feet seven in height, and she carried her height well. There was something of nobility in her gait, and she seemed thus to be taller than her inches. Her hair was in truth red,—of a deep thorough redness. Her brother's hair was the same; and so had been that of her father, before it had become sandy with age. Her sister's had been of a soft auburn hue, and hers had been said to be the prettiest head of hair in Europe at the time of her marriage. But in these days we have got to like red hair, and Lady Laura's was not supposed to stand in the way of her being considered a beauty. Her face was very fair, though it lacked that softness which we all love in women. Her eyes, which were large and bright, and very clear, never seemed to quail, never rose and sank or showed themselves to be afraid of

their own power. Indeed, Lady Laura Standish had nothing of fear about her. Her nose was perfectly cut, but was rather large, having the slightest possible tendency to be aquiline. Her mouth also was large, but was full of expression, and her teeth were perfect. Her complexion was very bright, but in spite of its brightness she never blushed. The shades of her complexion were set and steady. Those who knew her said that her heart was so fully under command that nothing could stir her blood to any sudden motion. As to that accusation of straggling which had been made against her, it had sprung from ill-natured observation of her modes of sitting. She never straggled when she stood or walked; but she would lean forward, when sitting, as a man does, and would use her arms in talking, and would put her hand over her face, and pass her fingers through her hair,—after the fashion of men rather than of women;—and she seemed to despise that soft quiescence of her sex in which are generally found so many charms. Her hands and feet were large,—as was her whole frame. Such was Lady Laura Standish; and Phineas Finn had been untrue to himself and to his own appreciation of the lady when he had described her in disparaging terms to Mary Flood Jones. But, though he had spoken of Lady Laura in disparaging terms, he had so spoken of her as to make Miss Flood Jones quite understand that he thought a great deal about Lady Laura.

And now, early on the Sunday, he made his way to Portman Square in order that he might learn whether there might be any sympathy for him there. Hitherto he had found none. Everything had been terribly dry and hard, and he had gathered as yet none of the fruit which he had expected that his good fortune would bear for him. It is true that he had not as yet gone among any friends, except those of his club, and men who were in the House along with him;—and at the club it might be that there were some who envied him his good fortune, and others who thought nothing of it because it had been theirs for years. Now he would try a friend who, he hoped, could sympathise; and therefore he called in Portman Square at about half-past two on the Sunday morning. Yes,—Lady Laura was in the drawing-room. The hall-porter admitted as much, but evidently seemed to think that he had been disturbed from his dinner before his time. Phineas did not care a straw for the hall-porter. If Lady Laura were not kind to him, he would never trouble that hall-porter again. He was especially sore at this moment because a valued friend, the barrister with whom he had been reading for the last three years, had spent the best part of an hour that Sunday morning in proving to him that he had as good as ruined himself. "When I first heard it, of course I thought you had inherited a fortune," said Mr. Low. "I have inherited nothing," Phineas replied;—"not a penny; and I never shall." Then Mr. Low had opened his eyes very wide, and shaken his head very sadly, and had whistled.

"I am so glad you have come, Mr. Finn," said Lady Laura, meeting Phineas half-way across the large room.

"Thanks," said he, as he took her hand.

"I thought that perhaps you would manage to see me before any one else was here."

"Well;—to tell the truth, I have wished it; though I can hardly tell why."

"I can tell you why, Mr. Finn. But never mind;—come and sit down. I am so very glad that you have been successful;—so very glad. You know I told you that I should never think much of you if you did not at least try it."

"And therefore I did try."

"And have succeeded. Faint heart, you know, never did any good. I think it is a man's duty to make his way into the House;—that is, if he ever means to be anybody. Of course it is not every man who can get there by the time that he is five-and-twenty."

"Every friend that I have in the world says that I have ruined myself."

"No;—I don't say so," said Lady Laura.

"And you are worth all the others put together. It is such a comfort to have some one to say a cheery word to one."

"You shall hear nothing but cheery words here. Papa shall say cheery words to you that shall be better than mine, because they shall be weighted with the wisdom of age. I have heard him say twenty times that the earlier a man goes into the House the better. There is so much to learn."

"But your father was thinking of men of fortune."

"Not at all;—of younger brothers, and barristers, and of men who have their way to make, as you have. Let me see,—can you dine here on Wednesday? There will be no party, of course, but papa will want to shake hands with you; and you legislators of the Lower House are more easily reached on Wednesdays than on any other day."

"I shall be delighted," said Phineas, feeling, however, that he did not expect much sympathy from Lord Brentford.

"Mr. Kennedy dines here;—you know Mr. Kennedy, of Lough-linter; and we will ask your friend Mr. Fitzgibbon. There will be nobody else. As for catching Barrington Erle, that is out of the question at such a time as this."

"But, going back to my being ruined——" said Phineas, after a pause.

"Don't think of anything so disagreeable."

"You must not suppose that I am afraid of it. I was going to say that there are worse things than ruin,—or, at any rate, than the chance of ruin. Supposing that I have to emigrate and skin sheep, what does it matter? I myself, being unencumbered, have myself as

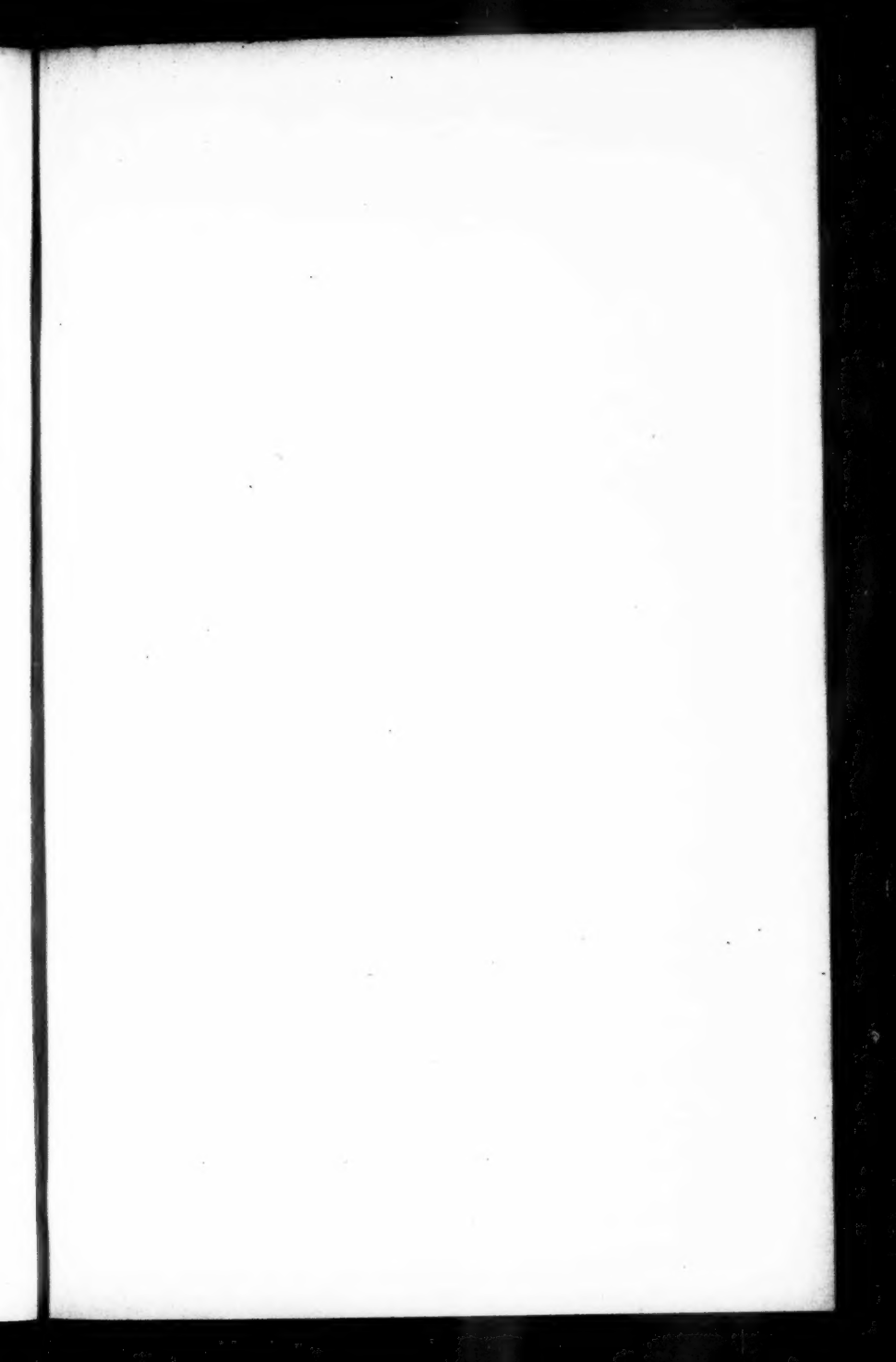
my own property to do what I like with. With Nelson it was Westminster Abbey or a peerage. With me it is parliamentary success or sheep-skinning."

"There shall be no sheep-skinning, Mr. Finn. I will guarantee you."

"Then I shall be safe."

At that moment the door of the room was opened, and a man entered with quick steps, came a few yards in, and then retreated, slamming the door after him. He was a man with thick short red hair, and an abundance of very red beard. And his face was red,—and, as it seemed to Phineas, his very eyes. There was something in the countenance of the man which struck him almost with dread,—something approaching to ferocity.

There was a pause a moment after the door was closed, and then Lady Laura spoke. "It was my brother Chiltern. I do not think that you have ever met him."





“You don't quite know Mr. Kennedy yet.”

Phineas Finn. Chap. vi. Page 247.